Youth's Comedy,

OR THE

SOULS TRYALS

AND

TRIVMPH:

A

Dramatick POEM,

WITH

Divers Meditations intermixt upon ſeveral Subjects.

Set forth to Help and Encourage thoſe that are ſeeking a

HEAVENLY COUNTREY.

By The Author of

YOUTH'S TRAGEDY.

Per varios caſus per tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in cœlum.

Ὡς ἡδὺ τοι σωθέντα μιμνῆσθαι πόνων. Euripides.

LONDON, Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock* in the *Poultrey* near the Church. 1680.

A

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
READER,
Especially
The Younger Sort.

I *Have writ these few Lines to incourage those who have set forth, and are Journeying towards a* Heavenly Countrey, *that so they may make a resolv'd and chearful* Progress *therein, notwithstanding all the* Difficulties, Oppositions, *and* Conflicts *that they may meet withal. I have given brief hints of the usual* Tryals, Troubles, *and* Temptations, *that are like to salley out upon those that travel this narrow way; and have sent in what Relief I have been enabled to afford for their* Comfort, Succour *and* Support, *with a* Representation *also of the blessed* Success *of those that hold on, and hold out therein, even a participation of that future Glory, which will abundantly make amends for all their* Care, Pains, *and* Sufferings; *desiring it may be as kindly entertain'd as 'tis friendly tender'd. That I have writ such serious* Matter *in* Verse, *and cast it into this* Mould, *I hope will not be without*

its Advantage; for this manner of Writing may be a means to divert the Mind of Youth *from such* Poems *and* Books *as tend onely to the idle expence of* Time, *and the Corruption of good* Manners. *As also* Truth *in this Dress many times hath a freer access to some, than in another Mode.*

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice. *Herbert.*

I know that, Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli, *according to the Candour, or Humour of the* Reader, *it will be accepted or censur'd. But I had rather* (*as one saith*) *hazard the Censure of some, than hinder the Good of others; onely let me say this to the Captious:*

Quisquis es, hoc unum mihi da, Prodesse Juventæ.

If these Endeavours of mine may be made, through the Blessing of God, any ways profitable, it will be Matter of great Rejoycing unto

Your Well-wisher

T S.

THE PREFACE.

IT is recorded in the Scripture of Truth, *That we muſt through much Tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God*; *Acts* 14. 22. No ſooner doth the *Soul* ſet it ſelf to ſeek a *Heavenly Countrey*, but it meets with *Tryals*: ſometimes new *Converts* meet with *Aſſaults* from *Old Companions*, who are tempting them either to return to their former *Courſes*, or deriding them becauſe they will not run with them to the ſame Exceſs of *Riot*. Sometimes it ſo falleth out, that they meet with ſharp *Tryals* from *Parents* and near *Relations*. Thus it was with that famous *Italian* Marqueſs, and ſo it is with ſeveral others. But though in this caſe all due *Honour*, *Service*, and *Reſpect*, is to be given to them, yet ſo as that it may be conſiſtant

ſiſtant with that Supream *Love* and *Obedience* which we owe to our *Heavenly Father*, See *Luke* 10. 37. Sometimes they meet with Hot Perſecution from Enemies: Theſe I have mentioned in a ſhort Paragraph, Page 46, 47. ſetting forth what was ſuffered by the Sincere Profeſſors of Old, upon the defection of the Ten Tribes; amongſt whom ſome did not only fall off from the true Worſhip of God themſelves, but were active to perſecute thoſe that did adhere thereunto, as you may ſee, *Hoſea* 5.1,2. Agreeable to this is the ſame Perſecution carried on by the Church of *Rome*; who may well be compared to them in point of Idolatrous Worſhip, and great rage againſt the truly Reformed, loading them with opprobrious Language, as *pag.* 33, calling them *Hereticks*, and ſuch as forſake the *Church*, and perſecuting them with great *Cruelty*: But this *Scripture* among others, may comfort thoſe that are ſuffering under her *Tyranny*; 2 *Tim.* 2. 12. *If we ſuffer, we ſhall alſo reign with him*: Speaking of Chriſt, concerning whoſe Kingdom I have hinted *pag.* 57, *&c.* And of which we have mention 2 *Tim.* 4. 1. *He ſhall judge both the quick and the dead, at his appearing and his Kingdom.* Of this judging work ſee *Revel.* 11. 18. As to the Deſtruction of his Enemies in that

that Scripture mentioned, ſee *Revel.* 19. 11. *&c.* And as to the Reward he gives his Prophets and Saints, ſee *Revel.* 20. 4. Concerning the Peace, Purity, and Largeneſs of this Kingdom, we read of it abundantly in the *Prophets*, eſpecially in the Prophet *Iſa.* And for the Reſtitution of all things therein, ſee *Acts* 3. 11. I have for the moſt part followed Scripture Expreſſions in the Deſcription of it. But I muſt not here enlarge concerning thoſe other Tryals the Soul meets with, from the World, from Self, from Deſertions, from Satan, with what Relief the Soul hath under them, iſſue out of them, reward after them, I leave to be conſider'd as preſented in the following ſheets.

VALE.

CORRIGENDA.

PAge 1. line 2. for *Souls* read *Soul*; p. 18. l. *ult* add *all after down*; p. 43. l. 12. f. *Soul* r. *Self*; l. 13. f. *Self* r. *Soul*; p. 55. l. 14. f. *God* r. *Gods*; p. 103. f. *ſeeks* r. *ſeek*; p. 108. l. 9. f. *theſe* r. *thoſe*; p. 109. f. *Sate* r. *State*; p. 112. l. 19. r. *bitter* twice; p. 115 l. 5. f. *comfort* r. *conſort*. As to Humane Hiſtory and things of like nature, I preſent them onely upon the Credit of Authors.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

THe great adventures of a Soul in love,
With higheſt Beauty that doth ſhine above.
The Conflicts ſharp, and Travels undergone,
On the behalf of this beloved one;
The joyful iſſue, and the crown'd event,
Of all thoſe Labours do theſe Scenes preſent:
Inviting our Spectators for to preſs,
With Zeal undaunted to this happineſs.
The Tryals, Troubles, that you here may meet,
Will make Enjoyments at the laſt more ſweet:
And all the Oppoſition of your Foes,
Augment your glorious Triumph in the cloſe.

Youths Comedy.

The Souls contemplating upon the powerful work of Effectual Calling.

The Soul.

So. WHy did the Patriarch *Abram* paſs that Flood,
Upon whoſe Banks, proud *Babel* ſometimes ſtood?
Why did he leave his own dear Native Soil,
To ſeek a forraign, unknown Land, with toil?
Why left he Fathers Houſe and Kindred dear?
The God of Glory did to him appear.
He that by pow'rful Word, to Darkneſs ſaid,
Let there be Light, and ſtraitway gloomy ſhade
Flies from his Face, and radiant Beams appear.
Filling with Brightneſs all the Hemiſphere.
This God was he, that by his pow'rful Call
Wrought Faith to follow, foll'ing to leave all:
And by unſought for Grace did ſet him free,
From thoſe, that to dumb Idols bow'd the Knee.

It's from this Grace, my Soul, and this command
Thou now art trav'ling to the Holy Land.
Thoſe Beams that darted from his Face are ſuch,
As on thy Heart hath left a pow'rful touch;
That as the trembling Needle ſeeks the Pole,
So follows after him my reſtleſs Soul.
What can redeemed Souls to God return?
Lebanons Cedars are too few to burn:
And all the Beaſts that on it ever came,
Too mean, to caſt into the hallow'd flame:
What is thine own, is all that we can bring,
Through Grace accept it, whil'ſt thy praiſe I ſing.

The Souls Epithalamium, or Nuptial Joy.

So. EXalted be that glorious Name,
From worſe than nothing that did raiſe
This new created Heav'nly frame,
Oh bleſs his Grace, my Soul, always
Whoſe Name is far beyond all praiſe.

I that in Darkneſs once did lie,
Blacker than was *Ægyptian* night,
Darkneſs i'th abſtract, once was I,
On whom the Sun hath ſhined bright,
And brought me into marv'llous light.

I that in Dungeon, long had bin,
Strongly ſhut up, in unbelief,
Yea, dead in treſpaſſes and ſin,
Unſenſible of any Grief,
Have found from quickening Grace relief.

The God of Love, which I did hate,
Through wicked works, that I had done,
By Grace hath changed my ſad ſtate,
And reconcil'd me through his Son,
And enmity, to peace hath won.

The great Æthereal Prince, that reigns
In wicked hearts, by proud commands,
Did Captive lead me in dark chains;
But he hath freed me from thoſe Bands,
Reſcuing my Soul, with pow'rful hands.

And now my Soul, ſince thou art free,
Make haſte away fly like the Dove,
Till Face to Face, thou com'ſt to ſee,
The God of Grace, the God of Love,
Whoſe Habitation is above.

The Nuncius, *or the Interpreter of that which follows:*

Num. WHen *Iſraels* Seed, from *Ægypts* Land was brought,
And their Salvation by a ſtrong hand wrought.
God led them through a howling Deſart, waſt
A way about, to what they might have paſt;
Yet not about to them, but neareſt path,
To diſcipline them, and to try their faith,
So whilſt, new Converts, have affections ſtrong,
And cheerful hearts, rais'd with their marriage Song.
God oftentimes, with trouble doth them prove
To try the kindneſs of their Nuptial Love;

And

And trains them by ſuch trials, as are beſt
To fit them for their work, and for their reſt.

The diffidence of the Fleſh, ariſing from difficulties reaſon'd againſt by the Soul.

The Soul, The Body.

So. WHy is it (my dear ſelf) I often find
Thou mov'ſt ſo ſlowly, lag'ſt ſo much behind.

Bo. This ſandy Deſart, with its ſcorching heat,
Makes weary ſteps, and dreancheth all in ſweat,
I know not how to bear theſe parching beams,
That beat upon my head, in fiery gleams.

So. Fly unto him that promiſeth to be
In weary Land, a ſhady rock to thee,
And from Celeſtial Flame will guard thy head,
And over it, a Cloud for covering ſpread.

Bo. What ſhall I do to quench my thirſty fleſh,
No moiſture doth this deſart land refreſh.

So. He that will be a ſhade, in hotteſt gleams
In greateſt drought, will be refreſhing ſtreams;
He'll make the Deſart full of Pools to ſtand,
And Water Springs, to riſe in parched land.

Bo. How ſhall we in this barren waſte be fed,
It is a Land unſown, and void of Bread?

So. If God at preſent ſhould not Bread afford,
It is that we may live upon his Word,
Either he'll give thee Bread to be thy food,
Or bleſs unto thee what ſhall be as good.

Bo. But how ſhall we eſcape *Arabian* Bands,
That rob and ſpoil, this way with cruel hands?

So. Come fear them not, with courage keep thy way,
God is more glorious, than the Hills of prey.
How apt are we with *Iſrael* to tranſgreſs,
Whom God to prove, led through the Wilderneſs.
Sometimes its Bread they want, and then they chide,
Wiſhing by *Egypts* Fleſh-pots they had died.

God

God rains down Manna, deſart grounds are ſpread
About their Angry Tents, with Angels Bread;
Then want they Fleſh, of Manna weary grow,
God heaps of Quails about their Tents doth throw.
Sometimes the thirſty Tribes for Water cry,
Forgetting him that did their wants ſupply:
Moſes doth ſtrike the Rock, it ſtraitway rends,
And from its flinty Intrails, Water ſends;
Whoſe guſhing ſtreams follows them where they go,
And like a River in dry Land do flow.
Then fear they *Anak*'s Sons, and now they mourn,
Crying, to *Egypt* let us back return.
Thus did theſe Rebels tempt the Holy One,
That had ſuch great ſtupendious Wonders ſhown.
Take heed, dear friend, too often to our grief,
We ready are, to act their unbelief.

Nuncius.

Nun. AS the Empyreal Heaven doth abound,
With ſacred Mirth, when a loſt ſinners found,
And winged Seraphims, with Cherubs bright,
Fly forth to ſerve, and guard the Heirs of Light;
So racking Grief fills the infernal Cave,
And vengful Ire, makes rebel Angels rave
Upon his new raiſed Foes, through Sable Air,
Satan doth like a blazing Comet glare,
And from malignant Eyes, ſuch Rays forth ſends,
As diſmal War, and great Diſtreſs portends;
Being incens'd with Rage, and high Diſdain,
Any ſhould break from under his proud reign.
And as he arm'd *Sabæans* fierce of old,
And in three Troops, rang'd the *Caldeans* bold;
Leading them forth with plundring hands to prey,
Upon *Job*'s Cattle, and his Servants ſlay;

And

And as from Rifts of diſmal Clouds he threw,
His enviousfire,which Sheep,and Shepherdsſlew,
And ſrom the Deſart, did with ſtorms beſet,
The Houſe wherein his feaſting Children met;
With horrid blaſt, cauſing a ſudden fall,
And in its ruins, overwhelm'd them all.
Thus as he did this Holy Man purſue,
And Trials thick upon his Soul renew.
So on new Converts, he Temptation flings;
Swift like the Arrows, ſhot from *Parthian* Strings,
And powrs forth trouble on them, that he may
Divert them from, or ſtop them in their way.
But he that Wings, unto the Woman gave,
And in a place of refuge, did her ſave;
He that did cauſe the Earth to ſwallow down
The Floods againſt her by the Dragon thrown.
It's he that will her bleſſed ſeed ſecure,
In all the conflicts that they here endure.
Its he that carries his on Eagles Wings,
And to the Land of promiſe ſafely brings.

The

The Souls preparing for Trials.

Soul. Body.

So. COme (my dear ſelf) let's gird our Armour on,
Prepare to fight, we ſhall be ſet upon,
Gainſt Men and Devils, we muſt now engage,
Who will aſſault us with inveterate rage:
And in this expedition that we make,
Lets know right well the way we are to take,
Wiſe Chieftains, that great Armies do command,
And are to march them through an Enemies Land,
They have their Maps, which do direct their way,
That nothing unexpected may aſſay.
What Woods, where Ambuſcado's may be laid,
What Hills and ſtraits where paſſage may be ſtaid,

What

What Rivers, with their breadth, and how they wind, (may find,
What depths they are, and where they Foords
What barren Waſtes, that Armies can't relieve,
And what ſtrong Towns, that may diſturbance give,
That all things being thus in view contriv'd,
They may in time, fit remedies provide.
So Fellow Souldier, let's by Heavenly Art,
From Scripture Records, draw our ſacred Chart.
That all things daily being ſupervis'd,
We may not on a ſudden be ſurpris'd.
But with well guided judgment, take our courſe,
And paſſage, with reſolved courage force.

Bo. How is it like that we ſhould win the day,
From thoſe great Rulers, that dark Regions ſway.
That far ſurpaſs thoſe fierce *Caldean* Bands,
That once invaded *Judah*'s pleaſant Lands,
Who with ſharp Arrows, and ſtrong bended Bow,
In mighty Troops, like roaring Seas did flow;
And as a Deluge, on the Earth did ſeize,
Knowing no Law, but what themſelves did pleaſe.

None

None weary-march, nor doth dull Sleep ſurpriſe,
Or ſlumber once invade, their Wakeful Eyes:
Nor from their Loins, did ſtrengthning Girdles looſe,
Or broken Latchets, fall from off their Shoes.
Swifter than Leopards, were their Horſe for Fight,
Fiercer than rav'ning Wolves, that range by (Night.
Fleet as the Eagles, that do cut their way,
With Airy Plumes, to their deſired prey.
All came for Violence, and where they paſt
They ſupt up all things like an Eaſtern blaſt.
They ſcoft at Kings, and Princes did deride,
And laught at places ſtrongly fortifi'd.
By heap'd up duſt; they ſcal'd with conqu'ring (hands,
And led forth Captives, like innumerous ſands:
And yet theſe were but Fleſh. This War of ours
It is with Spirits, with ſuperiour Powers,
With ſubtle Foes, in Wiles and Methods train'd;
And Stratagems, by long experience gain'd.
With Scepter'd Cherubs, Princes of the Air,
With Thrones of Malice raging through diſpair.

That

That undiſcern'd upon the Soul can preſs,
With an immediate and a cloſe aceeſs:
And from above, do all advantage ſpy,
And to it ſpi'd, with helliſh fury fly.
Swifter in motion, than Earths circling Sun,
Or Lightning, that from Eaſt to Weſt, doth run.
With theſe we War, that from on high do pour
In direful rage, many a deadly ſhour
Of winged, and ſharp pointed fiery darts,
Fixing their venom'd Heads, in bleeding hearts.
Theſe ſignally are thoſe unweari'd Foes,
That never reſt, or tired Eye-lids cloſe.
That are more cruel to the Sons of Men,
Than Evening Beaſts, that creep from Savage Den.
That overflow like to the raging foam,
And give no Quarter, where they overcome.
How ſhall we then 'ſcape, falling by the hands
Of theſe Æthereal Pow'rs, and numerous bands.

So. Fear not (dear ſelf) the day ſhall not be loſt,
So long as ſtrength, is in the Lord of Hoſt.

As

As thoſe that are by ſtrongeſt Rocks inmur'd,
So with Almighty Power, we are ſecur'd.
Encamping Angels, round about us lie,
Like active Flames, with ever-wakeful Eye;
In knowledge, wiſdom, force, and power, far
Beyond thoſe Hoſtile Foes, with whom we war.
Theſe are our Guard, that ſo our feet may tread
Upon the Dragon, and the Lions Head.
He that ſets bounds, how far proud waves ſhall go,
Doth likewiſe bound the fury of our Foe.
And in dark Chains, doth ſo their pow'r confine,
That without leave, they cannot enter Swine.
Be ſtrong therefore, in that all pow'rful might
That will aſſiſt, to conquer in this fight.
And whil'ſt thou conflicts, for thy comfort know,
Thou art engaging with a conquer'd Foe.

As famous Victors, after War was done,
They had their Triumphs for great Battels won.
In Trabean Robes, with Verdant Lawrel crown'd
They rode in ſtate, whil'ſt captive Priſ'ners bound,

Trail'd

Trail'd at their Charet wheels, in publick ſhow,
As living Trophies, of a conquer'd Foe.
So our great Captain, after Victʼry won,
In robes of Glory, rode in Triumph home,
With Conqueſt crown'd, aſcended up on high,
And with him Captive led Captivity.
Our Mortal Foes, in Battle overthrown,
Were by him bound, and ſpoil'd, in Triumph ſhewn.
Put on therefore, the compleat Panoply,
Provided for thee, in Gods Armory.
Advance with courage, lay aſide all dread,
Thou haſt already conquer'd in thy Head:
And in thy perſon thou thy ſelf at length,
Through his aſſiſting Grace, ſhalt tread down ſtrength.

Temptations ariſing from old Companions.

Soul, Body, Companions.

Comp. WHat madneſs is it, that you thus do quit
Your old Companions, in a ſullen fit?

Will

Will you turn Mopes, and Fools, and make your ſelves
Like to the Owl, that in the Deſart dwells:
Wandring with anxious toil, in ways forlorn,
Daily expos'd, to miſery and ſcorn?
Come take Advice, and leave this barren Sand,
Return again, unto a fertile Land.
With-draw your wandring ſteps from fruitleſs toil,
And dip your tired feet in fluent Oyl,
Within cool ſhades, let weary Limbs lie down,
And with ſweet Roſe-buds Youthful Temples Crown.
Fulfil your hearts deſire, and on your head,
Let pleaſant Odours be in plenty ſhed.
Let's cheer our ſelves, as once in former time,
With Bowls of Liquor, from the generous Vine.
And pleaſant tunes, from raiſed ſpirits ſing,
Unto the Harp, and Viols, rembling ſtring.
Come and enjoy the good things of the Earth,
And with old Friends, renew your former mirth.
Why ſhould the World at this your folly laugh,
To ſee you leave all for a Pilgrims Staff?

So.

So. Will the redeemed Bond-ſlave chuſe again
To put his Feet into the Iron Chain.
Or will the ranſom'd Captive any more
Return to labour, at the Turkiſh Oar:
No more ſhall we return again, I truſt,
To be in Bondage to our former Luſt.
Thoſe that the Motions of the Fleſh fulfil,
Are Slaves to Luſts, Captives to Satans will.
Its by the Son, that Freedom comes alone;
How many Lords have they, that have not one.
Will thoſe that at the living Fountain fill
Their thirſty Souls, prize Puddle Water ſtill,
Or thoſe that are with Heavenly Manna fed,
Their Money ſpend, for that which is not Bread.
That in the Boſome of true Reſt do ly,
Weary themſelves for very Vanity.
This would be Folly in the higheſt ſtrain,
Therefore forbear, your Offers are in vain,
Come joyn with us, leave Rioting Exceſs,
And walk in wayes of real Happineſs,

Will you turn Mopes, and Fools, and make your ſelves
Like to the Owl, that in the Deſart dwells:
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And walk in wayes of real Happineſs,

So ſhall you with the trueſt Good be bleſt,
And guided ſafe, unto Eternal Reſt.

Comp. Poor Creatures, that with high conceits (do ſwell,
And in your brain-ſick Fancies, love to dwell,
Have you not ſeen ſome Mad-men make their Brags,
Of large Poſſeſſions, ſtrut it in their Rags,
Thinking themſelves ſome great Ones, and pro-
Laughter in all, to ſee them thus to dote. (mote
Come liſten to us, leave this roving Mind,
It's only trouble in this Path you'll find.

So. It is no wonder thoſe that judge by Senſe,
Should draw ſo dark and falſe an Inference:
But doth not madneſs in ſuch perſons reign,
As love their Dungeon, hug their Iron Chain.
Deſpiſe the Light, and think thoſe Men unwiſe
That rouze from Priſon ſtraw, and freedom priſe.
This is your caſe, that ſlaviſh Bondage chuſe,
And paths of Freedom, ſordidly refuſe.

What though we meet with trouble, yet we ſhall
Have that ſweet inward peace, will weigh down
And

And thoſe ſame troubles, that our way infeſt,
Will fill our Songs with Triumph, at our reſt.
Great Conflicts, make the Conqueſt more renown'd,
Great Vict'ry, with great Glory, ſhall be crown'd.
Come then and tread with us this Living Path,
You'll find true comfort, in the Life of Faith.

The Souls Improvement of Time in Meditation upon Light, the Firſt Days Work.

Soul.

So. WHen Waters once the formleſs Earth did ſteep,
And ſable darkneſs, cover'd all the deep.
When this void Lump was muffled up in Night,
Then out of Darkneſs, God commanded Light.
Juſt ſo it was when this ſame little World,
By *Adams* ſin, was into Darkneſs hurl'd.
Into dark hearts, God ſhined by his Grace,
To give forth Light, through bleſt *Emanuel's* Face.

He that in Six Days did this Fabrick rear,
And out of Nothing, form what doth appear.
Upon the firſt day gilds and over-lays
This undigeſted Lump, with Luminous Rays.
So on the firſt day roſe that Light, which brings
To lapſed World, Salvation in his Wings.
And on the firſt day, whom he new creates
With ſaving Light, thoſe he illuminates.
No ſooner did this great Creator ſay,
Let there be Light, but ſtrait-way it was Day.
No ſooner did his Word, give forth Command,
But preſently his Work doth perfect ſtand.
Admire that Pow'r, my Soul, that by his Call,
Gives Being unto that had none at all:
And by a Word of Life, doth ſtrait-way raiſe
A new Creation, to ſing forth his praiſe.
Three days the Light about the World did run
Before the great Creator made the Sun.
Thrice was the Day divided from the Night,
Before God ſet up this imbodied Light.

Admire that God, my Soul, that can fulfil
Without, or with, what means he pleaſe, his Will.
He that at firſt without Sun made a day,
Will ſhine himſelf, when theſe Lights are away.
Long for that time, when he himſelf will be
Inſtead of all created Light to thee.

Trials ariſing from Diſpleaſure of Parents.

Soul. Body.

So. AND why ſo ſad, dear ſelf, come fix thy mind
On things above, where thou ſhalt comfort find.

Bo. Unto my grief, methinks I ſtill do hear
The angry words of Parents in my Ear.
Will you, ſaid they, your Fancies thus purſue,
As if none knew the way to Heav'n but you.
Have all been out before, conceited Sirs,
And are you wiſer than your Anceſtors?
Well, if you are reſolved in the caſe,
Then never more preſume to ſee our Face:

And know withal, that whil'ſt you wander thus,
You ſhall be friendleſs Mendicants for us.

So. It's not our Fancies, but Divine Command,
That doth oblige us to this work in hand.
And though we may under hard cenſure fall,
We muſt keep cloſe, to this ſame Heav'nly Call.
In Arts and Sciences it's taken well,
That we therein Fore-fathers do excell.
Why ſhould there then, dear ſelf, be ſuch a ſtrife
About our Progreſs in the ways of Life.
If we herein ſhall truly be devout,
Though Parents frown upon us, caſt us out,
Our Heav'nly Father will extend his Grace,
And in his Arms, his ſuff'ring ones imbrace.
The Bands of this Relation will avail,
When all the Ligaments of Nature fail.

Bo. Yet bitter ſadneſs fills my breaking heart,
From Friends and dear Relations thus to part.
How do my yearning Bowels in me role,
Whilſt that, methinks, I hear them thus condole.

Children

Children we have, and yet we Childleſs are,
Poſſeſſions for them, yet muſt have no ſhare.
All that we have, doth now but torment add,
Since they are gon, that ſhould the ſame have had.
How happy are thoſe Perſons that have none,
Or having Children, call them ſtill their own.
That Staff, which to our Age ſhould give relief.
Proves as a Dart, to wound with piercing grief.
And thoſe that through our Loins did draw their Breath,
Are made unto us, Inſtruments of Death.

So. Forbear ſuch thoughts, if we had done
Then had we given woful cauſe for this. (amiſs,
This way of ours, commands us to afford
To Parents, due obedience in the Lord,
But if their Wills in competition ſtand,
We muſt adhere unto Divine Command.
And ſeeing God or Creatures, we muſt leave,
Let's follow him, in whom we all receive:
And only mourn to think, that ſuch offence
Is taken at well-guided Innocence.

And how like burning Sparks that upward fly,
Poor woful Man is born to miſery.
Rather than want what may his Peace annoy,
He'll turn to grief, the matter of his joy.

Bo. But how (dear Soul) ſhall we now do to live,
Who will unto us Food and Rayment give.

So. Diſtruſt it not, dear ſelf, that God which knows
What things we need, will ſurely give us thoſe.
He that thy Subſtance view'd in ſecret ſhade,
And curiouſly this wond'rous Fabrick made;
That caſt upon thee a creating Look,
And enter'd all thy Members in his Book:
That gave thee Life, and from the loweſt Earth,
Enlarg'd thy dwelling by a timely Birth;
That then provided Breaſts, and tender Arms,
To nouriſh thee, and keep thee ſafe from harms:
That to this day hath follow'd thee with good,
It's he (dear ſelf) will give both Cloaths and Food.
See'ſt thou the Lillies in the open Field,
To which no Gardner helping hand doth yield.

They

They neither ſpin, nor ſend fair Warp to twine
About the figur'd Woofe, to make them fine:
Nor do with anxious care themſelves perplex,
To dreſs their lovely form, with Leaves reflex.
Yet *Solomon* in all his choice Array,
Was not inveſted with ſuch Robes as they.
If God for fading Lillies take ſuch care,
He'll ſurely Cloath ſuch as his Children are.

Look to the Airy Fowl, that neither ſow
Nor reaped Harveſt, in their Barns do ſtow:
But what God gives, they gather up and eat,
And with an open hand are fill'd with Meat.

The unkind Raven that from Neſt expells]
Her tender Young, when ſhiftleſs for themſelves,
God to their hoarſe unpleaſant Voice attends,
And timely Food unto thoſe young ones ſends.
If unclean Birds from Bounty thus are fed,
Such as far better are ſhan't want their Bread.

Bo. But yet (dear Soul) our loſs it is not ſmall,
To part with Friends, with Lively-hood and all.

So. Thoſe drils of mixed Comfort, which creep here,
Through divers Channels, in their Springs flow clear.
There do they all collectively abound,
Which here diſperſt and ſparingly are found.
We loſe not then thoſe Comforts which we leave,
Whil'ſt at the Fountain Head we all receive.
They that Relations, Friends, and Lands forſake,
To follow Chriſt, in this Life ſhall partake
Of ſuch ſweet Peace, pure Joy, and Heav'nly Food,
Of ſuch Communion with the chiefeſt Good;
As ſhall a hundred-fold theſe things tranſcend,
And Life Eternal, when this Life ſhall end.

The Souls Evening Meditation.

Soul.

So. THe Firmament deck'd with Cœleſtial Flame,
The Glory of its Maker doth proclaim.

If

If each great Spangle on that Heav'nly Robe,
Tranſcend in bigneſs, this ſame terrene Globe;
Which is in miles by computation found
Six hundred one and twenty thouſand round.
How great is that Circumference ſublime,
In which ſo many Radiant Lamps do ſhine:
That could a Humane Eye be fixed there,
This World would but a minute point appear.
And yet how vaſtly greater is that place,
Where God gives forth full Viſions of his Face.
How ſhould we then with reverential dread,
Admire that Pow'r, that did theſe Heav'ns ſpread.
Adore that God, ſo infinitely great,
As doth this Earth, and all theſe Heav'ns replete?
Whoſe all-containing Immence Being, can
Mete out theſe vaſt Dimenſions with a ſpan.
And if theſe Earth exceeding Globes do ſhow
But like ſmall Balls of Flame to us below:
And if ſev'n Orbes, beneath this Roof are hurl'd
With rapid Motion, round this lower World,

In which ſeav'n Planets variouſly do ſteer,
Moſt of them greater than this globous Sphere;
How many thouſand miles, yea, millions high,
Hath God above us, ſtretch'd the ſtarry Skie?
And yet how far beyond in Altitude,
Is that thir'd Heav'n, which doth theſe Orbs in-(clude?
Which doth his Greatneſs and his Grace declare,
Whoſe Mercies far above the Heav'ns are.
And who in height doth higheſt Heav'ns excell,
And uncontained in himſelf doth dwell.
And if ſo vaſt and high theſe Bodies be;
What Tongue can tell their great celerity?
What motion can ſet forth how ſwift they role
In their diurnal courſe, about their Pole?
How bleſſed then may thoſe be truly ſaid,
Upon which Heav'ns, God rideth for their aid.
And who like *Jes'runs* God in excellence,
That rideth on the Skie for their defence.
And if theſe Globes ſo ſwift, by fixt Decree,
Still wheel about in Even Harmony.

If

If Conſtellations, keep their diſtance due,
And wandring Planets, wander always true;
And keep by Ord'nance, given to them all,
Their Revolutions periodical:
And orderly do run their bounded way,
In lucent paths, from which they never ſtray.
But move exactly in their Heav'nly Sphere,
To give the various ſeaſons of the year.
And this by vertue of a Cov'nant paſt,
Which muſt endure ſo long as time ſhall laſt.
How firm is then the Covenant of Grace,
Which he hath freely made to *Iſrael*'s Race?
Heav'ns Ordinances ſhall be ſooner broke,
Than any Promiſe that the Lord hath ſpoke.
And how ſtupendious is that Pow'r above,
Which ſuch ſwift Bodies, doth ſo ev'nly move.
Oh what is Man or his Poſterity,
That God ſhould ſpread ſo rich a Canopy?
And garniſh forth this great Cœleſtial Roof,
With ſuch refulgent Lights on his behoof.

He that for all Men hath this Structure rear'd,
What Glory for his own hath he prepar'd?

Upon the Moon.

OBſerve the Moon, that monthly makes her way,
Through the twelve Signs, and over Night bears ſway.
One of the greater Lights, for ſo in ſhew,
As ſeated next to us that live below.
The nearer in Approaches ſhe doth come
Unto the luminous Body of the Sun.
The brighter doth ſhe caſt her Rays above,
And darker ſhews to thoſe that here do move.
So do thoſe Souls to Heav'nly Eyes ſhine bright,
That hold Communion with the God of Light.
Whil'ſt the dark World no Glory can eſpy,
Becauſe it's hidden from a Carnal Eye.
And as the Moon, with borrowed Light diſplays
Reflected Beams, ſent from the Suns bright Rays

So

So from the Sun of Righteouſneſs Divine,
The Saints with perfect Comelineſs do ſhine.
Again, obſerve her in her oblique Sphere,
Where Days and Nights, much vary in the year.
In Winter time, when the declining Sun,
His ſhorteſt Arch doth in the Heav'ns run.
And quickly poſteth from our Hemiſphere,
Whil'ſt dusky Night, long Sable Robes do wear.
Then doth the Moon oppoſed in her ſign,
Mounted on high, in largeſt Circle ſhine.
Supplying comfort to the tedious Night,
By long continuance of her chearing Light.
Whereas in Summer, when there is leſs need,
She from us to th' Antipodes doth ſpeed.
And there lifts up her ſilver beaming Head,
Where the moiſt ſhades of Night are longeſt ſpread.
You that ſearch out his Works, Oh praiſe the Lord,
Who when moſt need, doth then moſt Light afford.

The

The Moon, though glorious, hath opacous veins,
And from her Full, doth haſten to her Wains.
With various Phaces, moving through the Sky,
And conſtant always in unconſtancy.
So are all ſublunary Comforts here,
With Spots they ſhine, then change and diſappear.
Oh happy Souls, that by true Grace are led,
Upon theſe mixt and fading things to tread.

Tryals ariſing from cruel Mockings.

Soul. Body.

Bo. THeir troubles (my dear Soul) what words can tell,
That meet with thoſe, whoſe Tongues are fir'd from Hell.
From which, as from a cruel Bow that's bent,
Are bitter words, like poiſon'd Arrows ſent.
How do the *Iſhmaels* of the World us flout?
The *Rabſhakes*, their Railing thus caſt out:

Theſe

These are the holy Seed, that must possess
The promis'd Land; we in the Wilderness
Must be cast forth, as those in Bondage born,
Wandring in Desart Ways, with Steps forlorn:
These are the Gifted Brethren, that can preach:
And dress their Nonsense in affected Speech,
That pray Tautologies with moving Groans,
And take the simple, with affected Tones.
These are the nice precisions, not content,
With that old path, in which their Fathers went,
But must have new: These from the Church do stray,
And yet pretend to Heav'n the neareſt Way,
To be the onely Ones, that walk aright;
Such as do still attain unto New Light.
Meteors of Flame and Zeal, from whence doth fall
Direful Effects, where they are Verticall.
Disturbers of the Peace in ev'ry Town,
Turning the World in Faction, upside down.
So. That Troubles and Commotions do arise,
It is from those that do the Truth despise:

This is declared in the Sacred Word,
The Prince of Peace did come to ſend a Sword;
Which accidental proves, from the fierce Rage
Of thoſe that do againſt his Ways engage:
As Torrents ſtopt, ſwell high to overflow,
So Luſt oppos'd, doth more outragious grow:
Beſides the Devil with his own doth joyn,
That ſo no Light may in his Kingdom ſhine;
And thoſe that do againſt his pow'r conteſt,
Are cri'd down as the Men that do moleſt.

As for Reproach, fear not a taunting Word,
The Servant is not greater than his Lord:
Black Mouths againſt him belch'd forth Obloquy,
Both whil'ſt he liv'd, and when he came to die;
Who when revil'd, reviled not his Foes,
But like the ſilent Lamb, to Slaughter goes.
If that the Head indured ſuch Contempt,
The Members muſt not think to be exempt:
If he drunk deep of this ſame bitter Cup,
Let not his Servants then think much to ſup.

If

If he for us a Crown of Thorns did wear,
Let's follow him, and his Reproaches bear.

Bo. It is but juſt and equal, what you ſay,
But yet it is a ſad and diſmal Way.

So. The Way faring Man, that carefully doth mind
Thoſe given Marks, whereby his Way to find;
As when he hath croſt o'r a pleaſant Plain,
He then muſt paſs a deep and dirty Lane;
Then by a Wood, where Savage Beaſts frequent;
Then climb a craggy and a high Aſcent,
When as inſtructed, he doth thither come,
Out of a longing Mind to be at home;
Though at the way he taketh no delight,
Yet joys in this, to ſee himſelf i'th' right,
So though Afflictions grievous are to Senſe,
Yet may they yield a joyful Evidence.
For in this Way the Saints to Heav'n went,
Againſt whoſe Names reproachful Tongues were bent:

Thus Patient *Job*, whoſe Record was on high,
Vnder hard words of Friendleſs Friends did lie;
Beſides young Boys this worthy Soul did mock,
Whoſe Fathers were too mean to tend his Flock.
Such as to Deſart, Want and Famine drive
To dig up Roots, to keep themſelves alive:
Chaſed by Man from their Society,
Follow'd like Flying Thieves with Hue and Cry,
Hidden in Holes, conceal'd in gaping Rifts,
Dwelling as Men forlorn, in Rocky Clifs:
Children of Fools, and ſuch as had no name;
Viler than was the Earth from whence they came.
To theſe was *Job* a by-word, theſe vile Wretches
Made him the Subject of their gibing Catches.
Such as the Abjects of the People were,
With bitter Scoffs, did *David*'s good name tear;
With Hypocrites, in their Voluptuous Feaſts,
They naſht their Teeth, and flung forth Taunting Jeſts.
The ſordid Drunkard, with defaming Tongue,
Made him the matter of his jeering Song.

The

The great Apoſtles fill'd with Gifts divine,
Derided were as drunken with new Wine,
And many more, with cruel Mockings tri'd,
That trod this Path, and now are glorifi'd.

Bo. It is enough (dear Soul) come let's go on,
This is the Way I ſee the Saints have gone.
Moſes the Meek, this Thorny Path did tread,
Leaving the Court, where he was Princely bred
The fruitful Plains, that fatning *Nile* o'r-run:
The high-rais'd Title of a Princes Son,
The great Preferments of a Potent King,
The Wealth and Pleaſures, Peace and Plenty bring;
With a deſpiſed People to partake
Of Sharp Reproaches, for his Saviours ſake:
And theſe as greater Riches by him choſe,
Then all the Treaſures *Ægypt* did incloſe.

The Souls Speech to Revilers.

Soul.

So. YOu are arrived to the Scorners Chair,
Learnt how to mock, and we muſt learn to bear.

Is it not Folly in a high degree,
For Perſons drawing to the Fatal Tree,
Upon their way to jeer all elſe beſide,
That will not ſo to Execution ride.

Vain Sons of Earth, who fling about your Wit,
As Mad-men Fire-brands, care not whom you hit;
And make it but your ſport, for to blaſpheme
Thoſe that in Heaven dwell, and Heav'n in them:
Yea in your Drolling Language think it fine,
To caſt forth Scoffs againſt the Spirit Divine.

Poor

Poor daring Moths, that make it but your Game
To ſport and play about the burning Flame;
Will nothing ſerve the turn, but you muſt try
How through the Light your Wanton Wings can fly?
No wonder then if this be your repaſt,
With ſcorched Wings you tumble down at laſt
Come, be adviſ'd to leave your Slandrous Tongue,
You do your ſelves, not us, the greateſt wrong.
And are expoſed to thoſe Curſes dire,
Sounded by trembling String, on Hebrew Lire,
Againſt that Man, who fir'd by Envious Flames
With open Mouth and lying Tongue, defames

My God, my glory leave not in diſtreſs,
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppreſs;
They who delight in ſubtilties and wrongs,
Afflict me with the poyſon of their Tongues,
With Slander and Detraction, gird me round,
And would without a cauſe my life confound,

Mr. Sandys *his Paraphraſe on the* 109*th Pſal.*

Good turns, with evil, proudly recompence,
And Love with Hate, my Merit with Offence:
But I in these Extreams to thee repair,
And pour out my perplexed soul in pray'r;
Subject him to a Tyrants stern command,
Subverting Satan place at his right hand:
Found guilty, when arraign'd in that fear'd time,
Let his rejected Pray'rs augment his crime:
May he by Violence untimely die,
And let another his Command supply.
Let his distressed Widdow weep in vain,
His wretched Orphans to deaf Ears complain.
Let them the wandring paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Desarts seek their Bread.
Let griping Usurers divide his Spoil,
And Strangers reap the Harvest of his toil.
In his long Misery may he find no Friend,
None to his Race so much as pity lend.
Let his Posterity be overthrown,
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknown.

Let

Let not the Lord his Fathers ſins forget,
His Mothers infamy before him ſet.
Oh let them be the object of his Eye,
Till he out-root their hated memory.

Nuncius.

Nun. AS mighty Billows ſwell'd with ſtormy wind,
Come trooping on, and where repulſe they find,
There in tumultuous Waves their pow'r ſtretch.
And fiercely charge, to gain an entring Breach.
So the proud Tempter put unto retreat,
Rallies again, in hope for to defeat
His conquering Foes, whom in diſdain he views,
And with freſh fury his Aſſaults renews.
But like a Rock, that makes its ſtanding good,
Againſt the ruſhing of the roaring Flood:
So ſtand all thoſe are ſtrengthened by the might
Of him that helps to conquer in the Fight.

The Complaints and Fears of the Fleſh removed by the Soul, particularly concerning Perſecutors.

Soul. Body.

Bo. HOw far (dear Soul) how far, have we now gon,

So. Mind not (dear ſelf) whats paſt, but let's preſs on.

Bo. What thorny rugged way have we paſt o'r,

So. Forget it all, and reach to things before.

Bo. How much remains of this ſame tedious way,

So. (Dear ſelf) it ſhortens on us ev'ry day.

Bo, Let's reſt a while from this ſame weary race,

So. Depart (dear ſelf) it's not thy reſting place,

Bo. (Dear Soul) I'm feeble, let's a little ſtay,

So. The way for ſtrength, is to keep on our way,

Bo.

Bo. I fear I ſhall not perſevere, or ſtand,

So. Look up to him that holds with his right hand,

Bo. Troubles (dear Soul) upon us daily grow.

So. Support and Comfort, likewiſe daily flow.

Bo. With doubtful mind we oft perplexed are.

So. But yet upheld and kept from ſad deſpair.

Bo. On ev'ry ſide Afflictions on us waits.

So. Yet are we not diſtreſt in all our ſtraits.

Bo. We meet with Perſecution day by day.

So. Yet are we not forſaken in our way.

Bo. With caſtings down we often are annoi'd.

So. But yet preſerv'd (dear ſelf) and not deſtroy'd.

Bo. Muſt we (dear Soul) paſs on this dangerous way.

How ſhall we ſcape thoſe Troops that lurk for prey?

See how their Scouts already do appear.

Let's fly (dear Soul) before they do come near.

So. Not ſo (dear Self) let's not our duty quit;

Here lies our way, and therefore keep to it.

We

We need not fear though Men and Devils rave,
We have a Guard ſufficient for to ſave.
See how the Mountains ſhine with glittering Spears,
And all the Hills how fill'd with Curiaſſiers,
And fiery Charets, that like Lightning run,
And with ſwift motion, like the Whirlwind turn.
Seeſt thou that gallant File on the right wing,
Whoſe dazling Targets back the Sun Beams fling.
Thoſe bound the mighty *Babilonian* King,
That from *Jeruſalem* the Spoils did bring
That lofty Tree, that unto Heav'n grew,
Whoſe ſpreading Branches all the World did view.
Under whoſe cooling ſhade the Beaſts did reſt,
And in whoſe Boughs, the Fowls did build their neſt:
Vpon whoſe Twigs, fair Leaves themſelves did ſpread,
And by whoſe Fruit all Fleſh was nouriſhed.
Theſe hew'd him down, theſe did his Branches cut,
Shak'd off his Leaves, and ſcatter'd all his Fruit.

From

From Pallace caſt him, drove him out from men,
To range the Woods, and lodge in Savage Den.
His Limbs bedew'd, he from cold Earth doth raiſe,
And with Wild Aſſes runs about to graiſe.
With Beaſtial Heart, upon the Shrubs and Boughs,
How doth this Royal Bruit delight to browſe,
Until this Heav'nly Lamp, the days bright Sun,
Had ſeav'n times through the Golden Zodiack run.
And this illuſtrious Beaſt did come to know
The moſt High rul'd in Kingdoms here below.
He next in Front, that on the left doth ride,
Smote perſecuting *Herod* in his Pride.
No ſooner did his Leader give the word
For to deſtroy, but out he drew his Sword.
And ſwifter than the Wind his Fiery Steed,
Doth to the Court of Proud *Agrippa* ſpeed:
Breaks through his Forces, and that wicked rout
That deifi'd him with blaſphemous ſhout:

And in their ſight, from Regal Throne he turns
This gliſtring Prince, to be devour'd by Worms.
Mind that commanded Troop in the next Field,
And in it him that lifteth up his Shield.
That, that, was ſingly he, whoſe mortal Steel
The proud *Aſſyrian* Hoſt did ſharply feel.
Almoſt two hundred thouſand Corps were found
By him laid dead, upon *Judæan* ground.
The reſt amaz'd, from *Sions* Siege do fly,
Juſtly rewarded for their blaſphemy.
Like unto thoſe, are all the reſt who ſtand
Ready to execute the leaſt Command
Of him, that makes his Miniſters a Flame,
Timely to ſuccour thoſe that fear his Name.

Gamaliel's *Speech to Perſecutors.*

Perſecutors. Gamaliel.

Perſe. UPon the Hill of *Miſpah* let us ſet
Our Snares, and on Mount *Tabor* ſpread our Net.

It's

It's *Dan*, and *Bethel*, that the Law doth name
To be the places for our hallow'd Flame.
Why then should any from our Altars run,
And not before our Calves sweet incense burn.
These, these, are they that do disturb the Land,
That break the Law, and won't obey command.
Some we have taken, they shall dearly pay
For those which scape through this forbidden way.
Let's teach them now with Thorns, the Tribes agree,
At *Dan* and *Bethel* we should bow the Knee.
Let's make no Conscience for to ruin them;
That leave our Altars for *Jerusalem*.
It is but fit that we correct their Pride,
Who would be wiser than all else beside.

Ga. You are upon a great attempt no doubt,
But want Advice in what you go about.
Tell me, I pray you, was it ever found,
The way of Violence hath gained ground.
Come, come, dismiss the Men that you have caught,
The way they take, if wrong, will come to naught:

But

But if the course they steer prove to be right,
Then know against the mighty God you fight.
Will you in Battle set the Thorn and Bryer,
Shall wither'd Stubble charge consuming Fire?
How will his dreadful Wrath burn up the same,
When he shall march through in devouring Flame.
Dire Instruments of Death do by him lie,
Prepar'd for Vengeance on the Enemy.
Against the Persecutors, he ordains
His Arrows, and in vital Blood them stains.
Upon his Head his Mischief shall return,
His Root and Branch, the Wrath of God will burn.
Phar'oh against the Seed of *Jacob*'s bent,
Ten sharpned Arrows God upon him spent.
This will not do, the proud King will pursue
The Ransom'd Tribes, which to the *Red Sea*, drew.
When *Israel* comes, the Sea lifts up its head,
Sees *Israel*'s God, and seeing trembling fled.

The

The Waters are affraid, the troubled Deeps
With ruſhing noiſe, make haſte to run on heaps
The frightned Floods do leave their Channel dry
And in congealed heaps on both ſides lie.
The Eaſtern Wind ſweepeth the Watry Floor,
The ranſom'd of the Lord ſafely paſs o'r.
Phar'oh and all his Armed Hoſt ſtill raves,
And follows *Iſrael* through divided Waves:
I'll overtake, I will the Spoil divide,
I'll glut my Luſts, I will deſtroy, they cry'd.
God from the Cloud and fiery Pillar views
The daring Troops, that *Iſrael* thus purſues.
There Char'ots on a ſudden loſe their Wheels,
The Horſe and Horſman in an inſtant reels.
The troubled Hoſt amazed now do cry,
God fighteth for them, from their Face lets fly.
Unto retired Streams the Lord doth call,
They ſtrait return, the Watry heaps do fall.
Dri'd Channels now with Waves are overflown,
Charro'ts and Horſemen in the Deeps are thrown.

Thus in the Sea the Lord doth them confound,
That in the River *Iſraels* Seed had drown'd.
Haman their off-ſpring doth deſign to kill,
And with their Blood the *Perſian* Empire fill.
This *Agagite* doth ſcorn ſo mean a prey,
As ſingle unſaluting *Mordecay*:
But all his People muſt a Victim be,
To expiate for one unbowing knee.
There is a People, to the King he cry'd,
Diff'ring in Laws from all your Realm beſide;
Diſpers'd and ſcatter'd up and down they ly,
And ſuch as will not with your Laws comply.
It is not for your profit they ſhould live,
Therefore Ten thouſand Talents I will give
Unto your Royal uſe to be imploy'd,
That all thoſe Sectaries may be deſtroy'd.
Forthwith the haſty miſ-informed King,
Remits the Money, and gives forth his Ring
To ſign the cruel Edict Poſts now fly,
To all parts, to promote this Villany.

The day's deſigned for this bloody Deed,
And *Haman* waits to root out *Iſraels* Seed.
But this returns upon him and his Race,
Being carri'd to be hang'd with covered Face.
Read more in Sacred Writ the end of them,
That dare to fight againſt *Jeruſalem.*
Within their holes conſumed is their Eye,
Within their Mouth, their waſted Tongue doth lie.
Pining Conſumptions do their Bodies vex,
From God a Tumult doth their minds perplex.
Horrour and Fear, their Spirits do ſurprize,
Each hand againſt their Neighbours hand doth riſe.
A cup of Poiſon, and of trembling Wine,
She's made to thoſe that round her draw their line.
They that to lift this heavy Stone do try,
Do underneath it cruſht in pieces lie.
Arrows like Lightning fly from bended Bow,
Scatt'ring her Foes with deadly overthrow.

Then from theſe Men refrain, leaſt to your coſt,
You chance to fight againſt the Lord of Hoſt.
Thoſe Men muſt needs be wofully undone,
That on the Boſſes of his Buckler run.

Nuncius.

Nu. THough Pilgrims in their Paſſage may be ſtay'd,
By cruel hands in ſtinking Priſons lay'd;
Which may at preſent grievous be to ſenſe,
Yet hath, through Grace, a bleſſed influence.
And though both Men and Devils ſeek by force,
To ſtop their Progreſs in this Heav'nly Courſe,
It proves but vain, a higher hand bears ſway,
And helps them ſtill to proſecute their way.

The

The Soul administring Cordials to the Outward Man, to prevent Faintings under Sufferings.

Soul. Body.

So. COme (my dear Self) let not sad thoughts deject,
This is no more than what we must expect.
The way to Heav'n through Tribulation lies,
We by the Cross, must unto Glory rise.
Were we of this World, it would love its own,
But we are Strangers to the World unknown.
Remember those brave Worthies that through Faith,
Wander'd in Desarts void of beaten Path;
That in Beasts Skins did Airy Mountains tread,
And in damp Caves and Dens did lodge their Head.
Who unto Men and Angels often were
By Tyrants made a gazing Theatre.

Whoſe tender Limbs on torturing Racks were ſtrain'd,
(ſtain'd.
And with whoſe Blood the cruel Sword was
Who under cutting Saws did breath their laſt,
And through a ſhow'r of Stones to Glory paſt.
Theſe choice ones were like Filth, and Rubbiſh hurl'd,
By various Deaths out of this wicked World.
Who by their Faith a good report obtain'd,
And through rich Grace a Throne in Heav'n gain'd.

Bo. I do confeſs theſe truly were renown'd,
As alſo thoſe in ſacred Record found.
Who armed with victorious Fortitude,
Oppoſing Kingdoms round about ſubdud:
That walk'd in holy Ways with great ſucceſs,
And in a righteous Path wrought Righteouſneſs.
That by their Faith great Promiſes obtain'd,
And Conqueſt over roaring Lyons gain'd.
That did the force of raging Fire turn
Againſt its Nature, that it could not burn.

And

That waxed Valiant in prevailing Fight,
And Armies of the Aliens put to flight.
Theſe were indeed for Grace and Courage fam'd,
But what are we, not worthy to be nam'd.

So. But unto whom (dear Self) doth pow'r belong,
Who out of Weakneſs made thoſe Worthies (ſtrong?
Was it not God that girt their Loins with might,
Infuſed Courage, taught their hands to fight?
Did not he ſtrengthen them to undergo
The Difficulties that he call'd them to?
And hath not this rich Fountain of all Grace,
Promis'd aſſiſtance to us in like caſe?
Let us in Faith then keep his righteous way,
It's God work for to help, ours to obey.
Yea, let's rejoyce and bleſs that glorious Name,
That counts us worthy thus to ſuffer ſhame:
Yea, be exceeding glad and ſing with thoſe
At whoſe ſtrong Pray'r a mighty Earth-quake roſe,
Shook off their Bands, the Priſon Doors unbarr'd,
At which ſprings in the trembling Jaylor skar'd.

And he that thought to fall upon his Sword,
Fell down converted at their pow'rful Word.

Bo. It's true indeed this is a bleſſed Frame,
To glory in our Suff'rings for his Name.
But how ſhall I attain this Heav'nly Art,
That chiefly am expoſed to the ſmart.

So. I do confeſs it is above our reach,
But God has promis'd pow'rfully to teach:
He to this end will Tribulation bleſs,
That thou in patience may'ſt thy Soul poſſeſs.
It's he that cauſeth that ſame bitter Root,
To bring forth in thee this ſame pleaſant Fruit.
It's he that can our frowardneſs remove,
By making of the cauſe its cure to prove.
And where the Grace of Patience doth abound,
With large experience ſhall that Soul be crown'd.
With ſweet refreſhing Comforts from his Face,
With great reviving Succours from his Grace.
And as experience doth from Patienee flow,
So lively hope doth on Experiencc grow:

For

For we by what is found and felt are led,
To hope for all the mercy promiſed.
And being ſure of Heav'n in the end,
We glory in thoſe means that thither tend.

The Soul ſolacing her ſelf in thoſe Apprehenſions ſhe hath of the future peaceable Kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt.

Soul.

So. WHen that choice Branch of *David's* Royal Stem,
Comes for to wear the Worlds bright Diadem.
And in the Clouds (it's likely) will diſplay,
His Glory in the Morning of that day.
Myriads of Angels on his Throne attend,
Millions of glorious raiſed Saints aſcend
Unto their King, from all parts round about,
Waiting upon him with triumphant ſhout.
The Sun in Darkneſs vails his drooping head,
The Moon and Stars forbear their Light to ſhed.

The

The Pillars of the reeling World do ſhake,
And trembling Mountains like *Mount Sinai* quake.
The Kings and Captains, with the mighty Men,
To hide themſelves run to the ſilent Den.
The great ones to the Rocks and Mountains call
For ſhelter by their overwhelming fall,
From that ſame Face which comes with dreadful ire,
To render Veng'ance in bright flames of Fire.
Then thoſe great Armies by his proud Foes led,
Like a black Cloud over *Judæa* ſpread.
Threatning with diſmal ſtorm the pleaſant Land,
Shall be deſtroyed by his pow'rful hand.
Upon their Heads he ſhow'rs down burning Coles,
Over their Necks his flaming Charr'ot roles.
Fire, Sword and Hail, their routed Troops confound,
And fill with bleeding Corps the purple Ground.
Invited Fowls to Royal Fleſh make ſpeed,
And ravenous Beaſts upon ſlain Nobles feed.

The

The numerous Gueſts from this Feaſt go away,
Drunken with Blood and glutted with the Prey.
Thoſe two great Leaders that ſeduc'd the World
Beaſt and falſe Prophet, both alive are hurl'd,
By that ſame conquering hand which doth them take,
Into the ever-burning fiery Lake.
The mettl'd Kingdom no more place doth find,
But flies like Chaff, diſperſt with chaſing Wind.
And that ſame Stone that ſmote it on the Toes,
Fills the whole Earth and a great Mountain grows.
An Enſign now is lifted up on high,
The Gentiles like the Clouds unto it fly.
The Seed of *Jacob* that were made a Prey,
And ſcatter'd in the dark and cloudy day:
Thoſe exile People that by Willows mourn,
With Harps untun'd do now again return.
The mighty Waters, as of old do fly,
And for a Paſſage leave their Channels dry.

In a ſtrait way they from Diſperſion come,
With joy and ſinging to their long'd for home.
And now united Tribes their Land poſſeſs,
Vnder one head the King of Righteouſneſs;
Whoſe Regal Throne exalted is on high,
Among his Ancient People gloriouſly.
All Nation, Tongues, and Languages obey
The Royal Scepter that this King doth ſway.
His large Dominions are eſtabliſhed
Over all places where the Heav'ns ſpread.
Judgment and Juſtice from his Throne come down,
Like the ſweet Show'rs upon the Graſs new mow'n.
Now Truth and Mercy both together meet,
And Righteouſneſs [with kiſs firm Peace doth greet.
The Juſt now flouriſh, and the Saints obtain
Seats on his Throne, Shares in his bleſſed Reign.
The Creatures all in mutual Concord live,
None unto others do diſturbance give.
The Wolf, with tender Lamb, ſhall gently reſt,
The Lion on the Bullock's Straw ſhall feaſt.

The

The Fatling by him ſhall in peace abide,
The Kid lie ſafely by the Leopard's ſide.
The Heifer then ſhall feed without all fear,
Within fat Paſtures by the friendly Bear.
The Aſp no more with mortal bite ſhall ſlay,
But at their holes a Child ſhall ſafely play.
The Panther with ſweet Breath no more ſhall draw,
Deluded Beaſts into his tearing Paw.
The Baſilisk no longer Darts forth Death,
By ſtrong malignant Beams, or pois'ning Breath.
The Hawk no more with Airy Plumes ſhall move,
In fierce purſuit, after the trembling Dove.
The Hound no more ſhall chaſe the flying Deer,
Nor Crocodile ſhall ſhed diſſembling tear.
No *Salean* Moore, nor cruel *Algerine*,
Shall cruiſe for Prey upon the Midland Brine.
No barbarous Pyrate ſhall falſe Colours ſhew,
Nor robbing Gallies on ſalt Billows row.
No Canibal his greedy mouth ſhall ſtain
With Humane Blood, ſqueez'd from the Fleſh new ſlain.

Arabian

Arabian Thieves no more ſhall hunt for prey,
Nor fierce Bandities rob in trav'ling way.
No warlike Banner in the Field ſhall wave,
Nor cruel Battle feed the hungry Grave.
No Nation more the glitt'ring Sword ſhall rear,
Or charge each other with the hoſtile Spear.
The Art of War ſhall then neglected lie,
So long as Stars emboſs the Sable Skie.
In ruin'd places goodly Structures are,
To waſted Cities, flocks of Men repair.
Under the Branches of the climing Vine,
Which over-head with claſping Tendrels twine.
The Owner reſts ſecure, none makes affraid,
Or gives diſturbance to his peaceful ſhade.
Swords beat in Plow-ſhares dig the fertile Earth,
Spears turn'd to Cickles, reap its fruitful Birth.
Like *Eden*'s Garden doth the barren Field,
Great heaps of Plenty to the Dreſſer yield.
The Deſarts now with ſtreams of Water flow,
The ſtately Pine and Fir-tree in it grow.

The Mirtle Box and Oil-tree here abides,
And lofty Cedars raiſe their Pyramides,
The Wilderneſs with fruitful Crop is ſpred,
Like *Sharon* where King *Davids* Cattle fed.
The Foreſt and the ſolitary Land,
Cloathed with *Carmel's* Glory, joyful ſtand.
The Hill of *Zion*, with exalted head,
On top of Mountains ſtands eſtabliſhed.
No Thorn or Brier in her Path doth grow,
All Nations to her Worſhip freely flow.
The ranſom'd of the Lord that her ſurround,
With Wreaths of everlaſting Joy are crown'd.
Sorrow and ſighing now ſhall fly away,
And Songs of Triumph celebrate this day.
God with Defence will all her Glory bleſs,
The Man of this World ſhall no more oppreſs:
The Earth with knowledge of the Lord is ſpred,
Like the great Sea with Waters covered.
Now Holineſs extends her glorious Rays,
And Grace fills up the Duties of theſe days.

The Sons of *Zion* ſhine with Sanctity,
Fill'd by the Spirit poured from on high.
The Reſtitution of all things is come,
The trav'ling pains of the Creations done:
Now Saints enjoy their glorious Liberty,
And groaning Creatures are from Bondage free.
The Heav'ns and Earth, new Robes of Glory wear,
The Creatures all in *Eden*'s dreſs appeer,
And Righteouſneſs throughout the World will Reign,
So long as Sun ſhall ſhine or Moon ſhall wain.

Nuncius.

Nun. SAtan inraged by his overthrows,
With new Attemps aſſaults his conqu'ring Foes.
And now by flatt'ring Wiles he doth purſue,
That which he ſaw by frowns he could not do.

His

His deadly Hook under gilt Baits now lies,
As that moſt likely to obtain his Prize.
Juſt like the Panther, that his Prey would win,
Conceals his Head, and ſhews his ſpotted Skin;
That whilſt his Gawdy Colours do invite,
His grifly Viſage may not put to flight.
So Satan hopes, by offers large, he may
To hidden jaws of Death allure his Prey.
But all in vain, by Wiſdom from on high,
They ſee where ruin lurks and from it fly.

A Brief account of the intermixture of Providences in our Pilgrimage.

Soul. Body.

Bo. COme (my dear Soul) *Aurora* hangs the Skies,
With Arras bright againſt the Sun doth riſe.
The Eaſtern Hills with welcome day are ſpread,
Phœbus makes haſte to raiſe his Orient head.

Dark Clouds are fled and left the Heav'ns fair,
Our way is pleaſant, and the perfum'd Air.
With various ſweets breath'd from the flowry Spring,
Doth gently fan with Odoriferous Wing.
The cheerful Birds upon green Branches raiſe
Melodious Notes, and warble forth ſweet Lays.
Like the alternate ſeaſons of the year,
So is our Life and Way whil'ſt Pilgrims here.
We have our Winter and our gloomy Days,
And then our Summer with bright chearing Rays,
Sometimes ſtrong Flaws, at other times ſweet Gales,
Sometimes dark Clouds, then lucid intervales.
It's good it ſhould be thus, that ſo we may
Not faint whil'ſt here, nor yet delight to ſtay.
Winds purge the Air, dark Clouds are not in vain,
But ſpend themſelves in fructifying rain.
Sharp Froſts do mellow and prepare the ground
To bear that Fruit with which the year is crown'd.

The Spring brings forth what Winters Boſom kept,
And Summer ripens what in Autumn's reapt.
Our changes here, if rightly underſtood,
Are ord'red forth in Wiſdom for our good.

So. I'm glad (dear Self) you have ſo true a ſenſe,
Of that which God in Wiſdom doth diſpence.
Let's then improve our time, the Winter's gone,
The Spring is come, let's cheerfully go on.
Fair Days and pleaſant Ways ſhould mend our Pace,
And quicken forward in our Heav'nly Race.

Bo. But who are theſe (dear Soul) whoſe nimble Feet,
Make towards us, as if they would us greet.

Temptations ariſing from Pleaſure, Honour, Riches.

Soul. Body. Pleaſure. Honour. Riches.

Plea. A Merry day we wiſh you, why ſo faſt,
Come joyn with us and take your ſweet repaſt,
The Seaſon, and the flow'ry-mantled Earth,
Invite to take ſome recreative Mirth.

So. We wiſh you well, but muſt improve our day,
Our Pleaſure lies in keeping on our way.
We Pilgrims are, in waſte we muſt not ſpend
That time ſhould help us to our Journeys end.

Plea. What mean you thus to take this courſe ſevere,
And tie your ſelves unto ſuch rules auſtere.
In curious Gardens ſtor'd with choiceſt Flow'rs
Go take your Walks, and reſt in ſhady Bow'rs.
Of Jeſſemine and Honey-ſuckle ſweet,
Where *Philomel* the youthful Spring doth greet:
There

There hear the feather'd Minſtrels caroling,
With chanting Notes teaching their Young to ſing;
In heat of day, procure refreſhing ſleep,
In flowry ſhades where purling drils do creep;
Go take what pleaſure either Streams or Field,
Mountains or Dales, Meadows or Heaths do yield.
With pleaſing Objects feaſt your careful Eyes,
Your weary Limbs refreſh with exerciſe.
Look how the ſilver Swan in all her Pride,
With arched Neck through Chryſtal Streams doth ſlide.
And to the Ozier'd Iſland flotes in State,
To hatch her Young and to relieve her Mate.
See how the wary Trout that deep did lie,
Springs up to catch the Artificial Fly.
The greedy Pike darts to the trouling Bait,
And being ſtruck, flies when it is too late.
The nimble Hawk no ſooner ſpies his Prey,
But to the Clouds doth take his tow'ring way.

And with high Airy Plumes haſtens to fling,
The trembling Fowl down from his mounted Wing.
Twice doth the doubling Hare trace the ſame (Grounds,
Thrice leaps, to caſt off the purſuing Hounds.
The eager Dogs the loſt Sent having found,
Open, and make the neighbouring Woods reſound.
But if theſe rural Pleaſures don't invite,
Repair unto the City for delight,
With Maſques and Plays, and Triumphs pleaſe your Eyes,
From Feaſts and flowing Cups, let Mirth ariſe.
With Muſick's ſweeteſt Airs your Paces meaſure,
And gratifie all Senſes with full pleaſure.
So. Forbear vain trifl'ing Youth, that only feels
Delight in that which ſenſual pleaſure yields.
Poor empty Joys, that in ſuch ways are had,
Mouths fill'd with Laughter, whil'ſt the Heart is ſad.

Vain

Vain Mirth, where Sadneſs, fained ſmiles doth bring,
And Sorrow's forc'd againſt her will to ſing.
Not only vain, but vexing ſuch as firſt
Makes ſhows to quench, but yet increaſeth thirſt.
Like the Sea-Water that at preſent wets,
Whil'ſt drinking down, but then inflames and frets.
Poor bitter Sweets, Pleaſure that with it brings,
A little Honey arm'd with many Stings.
Short at the beſt, as by experience found
How many chant unto the pleaſant ſound:
Of Harp and Organ, and ſweet Leſſons ſing
Vnto the well-tun'd Viols quav'ring ſtring.
Who in ſlight Mirth their flying days do ſpend,
And in a moment down to Hell deſcend.
Should the condemned Man, whoſe time is ſhort,
To get his Pardon, ſpend that time in ſport.
Yet many ſuch poor cheated Souls there be,
That play away their opportunity.
Or ſhould thoſe Souls that are with Manna fed,
To feed on Aſhes, leave their Heav'nly Bread.

No, no, your choiceſt Sweets are bitterneſs,
Compar'd with thoſe Delights their Souls poſſeſs.
We have not loſt our Pleaſures, onely choſe
Thoſe Fountain Comforts, that through Vertue flows:
It is a pleaſure to us to deny,
That which you count your pleaſure to enjoy.
And if it's ſweet to bid falſe joys adieu,
What pleaſure is it to enjoy the true.
Such as ariſe from reflect Acts of Grace,
From open Viſions of Gods glorious Face;
From precious Promiſes brought home with pow'r,
From hidden Manna which the Heav'ns do ſhow'r.
From that choice Joy the Comforter doth bring,
And that true Peace that doth upon it ſpring.
From that white Stone, engrav'd with that new Name,
Which none doth know but thoſe that have the (ſame'
From that ſweet witneſs given tot he Soul,
It's Name is written in the Heav'nly Role.

From

From hence true pleaſure flows, and where poſ-
ſeſt,
Is better felt, than by the Tongue expreſt.
And if ſuch Pleaſure be in a fore-taſte,
What will there be when we ſit down to feaſt.
If God to them that ſeek him will be kind,
How good is he to thoſe that do him find.
If Drops afford ſuch Comfort, then what will
Thoſe Rivers yield, where we ſhall drink our fill.

Hon. I ſee your raiſed thoughts mind higher
things,
Come then and ſoar aloft on Glories Wings:
Go ſeek the Princes Favour, and reflect
Illuſtrious Beams, from his benign Aſpect.
Leave Paths obſcure, mount the Tribunal Chair,
With thoſe Grandees that Tyrian Purple wear.
With Senators aſſemble in the Gate,
Joyn Counſels in the great Affairs of State.
Whil'ſt Lanes of bowed Knees your paſſage grace,
And Heads uncover'd preſs to ſee your face.

Creep

Creep not below, but climbe the mount of Fame,
Let high Atchievments blazon forth your Name;
By acts of Proweſs raiſe immortal Glory,
And let your Conqueſts fill ſome future Story.
In Triumph ride, through Acclamations loud,
Of Joy and Praiſe ſent from the numerous Croud.

So. Go try the Bramble, there you need not court,
But find acceptance with a high tranſport.
You muſt not think the Olive to ſeduce,
With trifling things to leave his Fat'ning Juice;
The Fig-tree quit his Sweetneſs, or the Vine
For gawdy trouble leave his Cheering Wine.
No, theſe have better things, and ſo have thoſe
That for their portion Heav'nly things have choſe:
They know the worth of what they do enjoy,
And won't be cheated with a ſhining toy;
A glorious nothing, gilded emptineſs,
A painted Crown, a dream of Happineſs.

Poor tranſcient Glory, that a ſmile, a frown,
Quickens and kills, raiſeth and caſteth down.
That fetcheth being from that fading breath,
That can't preſerve it ſelf from ſtroke of death.
But could it laſt, it's better to ſit ſtill,
Then for to riſe, and ſerve anothers will.

Vnſtable Honour, whoſe high Seats expoſe
Vnto the malice of inviduous Foes.
The raging Storms upon the Mountains fly,
Whil'ſt the low Valleys under ſhelter ly.
Mean Shrubs ſecured are from thoſe fierce ſtroaks,
That rends and fells the lofty ſpreading Oaks.
Thoſe gallant Colours, wav'd on higheſt Maſts,
Are often blown away with angry blaſts.
Happy's that Man that's not perplex't at all
With care to climb, nor yet with fear to fall.
What's more uncertain than the Peoples Praiſe,
That like a flame of crackling Thorns doth blaze?
Which on a ſudden with great noiſe doth riſe,
But ſtrait-way falls, and in dead Aſhes lies.

Or

Or which is worſe, their fickle Breath doth cry,
Hoſannah one day, next day *Crucifie.*
What Honour is it Countreys to o'rcome,
And lie inſlaved to our Luſts at home.
To lead forth Captives from the enſanguin'd Field,
Whil'ſt Captives unto ſin our ſelves we yield.
And arm'd againſt us ſuddenly do bring,
The King of Terrors, with invenom'd ſting.
True Glory ſprings from Gods Eternal favour,
The Righteous is more ex'llent than his Neighbour.
It's thoſe that honour God ſhall honour'd live,
He will unto them laſting Honour give.
So as to Saints and Angels, they ſhall ſhine
With that ſame Glory, that ſurvives all time.
Rich. Poor Creatures, fond of Meanneſs, come be wiſe,
And learn to value what you now deſpiſe.
Joyn wealth to theſe, or theſe by wealth obtain,
The way to Honour and Delight is Gain.

Heap

Heap up abundance, and therein content,
Why ſhould your days in ſtrait'ning wants be ſpent.
By this you ſhall againſt all fear provide,
As in a City ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Come tread the Path of Plenty, take your way
To that will ſhelter in a ſtormy day.

So. We are not fond of Meanneſs, for this Path
Is trod by thoſe are truly rich in Faith.
Heirs of a Kingdom which they do purſue,
And leave falſe Riches to enjoy the true.
They are the mean ones that do meanly chuſe,
That can for *Paris* Paradiſe refuſe.

It's not true Honour that with Money's bought,
Honour ſhould ſeek out us and not be ſought.
Preferments are debas'd when given forth
Upon account of Wealth and not of Worth.
And when obtain'd, how with a trifle croſt:
The comfort of it ſpoil'd, it ſelf ſoon loſt.
Whil'ſt *Mordecay* a bended Knee denies,
Haman's not pleas'd with all his Dignities.

That

That Face that ſmil'd upon him, ſtrait doth frown,
That Hand which rais'd him, quickly threw him down.

Nor can he pleaſure take, whoſe troubled Breaſt
To get and keep, will give his mind no reſt.
It's not in worldly things content is found,
Who farther off, then thoſe that moſt abound.
Poor *Naboth*'s long'd for Vineyard doth deſtroy,
The comfort of what *Ahab* did enjoy.
True Wealth is not without, but in the mind:
He that hath leaſt, may moſt Contentment find.
The greedy Worldling hath no cauſe to boaſt,
He that deſireth little, he hath moſt.
He that hath much, and grieves he hath no more,
For all his Wealth may be accounted poor.
He is not rich, that greedily aſpires,
But he is rich, that boundeth his deſires.

Nor is there ſhelter in this gilded Path,
Riches avail not in a day of Wrath,
They can't ſecure us under failing breath,
It's Righteouſneſs that muſt preſerve from Death.

In

In vain we truſt that in an evil day,
Which makes wings to it ſelf and flies away.
Tyrus, that heap'd up Silver as the duſt,
In Sea inviron'd Walls, and put her truſt
In Gold accumulated as the Mire;
Was left unguarded to the waſting Fire.
Why ſhould we therefore ſet our hearts upon
That which is not, becauſe ſo quickly gon.
Why ſhould we load our ſelves with that thick clay,
Will turn us from, or tire us in our way.
With ſorrow pierce our hearts great ſtore to have,
Of that which will not paſs beyond the Grave.
We ſmile, that Pagans ſend their dead from hence,
With Money in their hands for their expence.
We have no need to heap up ſo much Duſt,
We ſoon may ſerve our Wants, never our Luſt.
It's Food and Rayment, with Contentment bleſt,
That will ſuffice to bring us to our reſt.

What's

What's us'd we do enjoy, the reſt lies by,
And only ſerves to pleaſe a careful Eye.
He hath enough that hath enough to ſpend,
On what is needful to his Journeys end.

Rich. Come be not ſo morоſe for to deny
What we invite you to, before you try.

So. We need not try, for tryal hath been made;
By one more able, hear what he hath ſaid,

Sandys *his Paraphraſe on Eccleſiaſtes* 2.

Great Works I finiſh'd, ſumptuous Houſes built,
My Cædar Roofs with Gold of Ophir gilt.
Choice Vineyards planted, Paradices made,
Stor'd with all ſort of Fruits, with Trees of ſhade.
And water'd with cool Rivolets that drill'd
Along the Borders, theſe my Fiſh-pools fill'd.
For Service and Delight, I purchaſed
Both Men and Maids; more in my Houſe were bred.
My Flocks and Herds abundantly increaſt,
So great as never King before poſſeſt.

Silver

Silver and Gold, the Treaſures of the Seas,
Of Kings and Provinces, foment my eaſe.
Sweet Voices, Muſick of all ſorts invite
My curious Ears, and feaſt with their delight.
In greater Fluency no Mortal Reign'd,
In height of all my Wiſdom I retain'd.
I had the Beauties which my Eyes admir'd,
Gave to my heart whatever it deſir'd.
In my own Works rejoyc'd, the recompence
Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
Then I ſurvay'd all that my Hand had done,
My troubleſome Delight beneath the Sun.
What ſolid Good can Mans Endeavours find,
All is but Vanity and grief of Mind.

Rich. Come let us leave theſe Hermites to purſue,
Their melancholly Fancies, So adieu.

The Exceptions of the Fleſh, as to Self-denial, in reference to the Things of the World, anſwered.

Soul. Body.

Bo. MY deareſt Friend, are we not too preciſe,
Should we condemn all lawful exerciſe.
And from black Choller take our ſcanty meaſure,
Rejecting all exhilerating pleaſure.
Should Honour be ſo ſlighted, when we know
It is a Gift, which God's Hand doth beſtow.
His Hand for *Joſeph* high Preferment wrought,
And from a Priſon to a Palace brought.
Where the *Egyptian* King reſerv'd the Throne,
But left the Rule to *Joſeph*'s care alone.
He muſt in *Phar'oh*'s ſecond Charr'ot ride,
Whil'ſt *Bow the Knee*, before him, *Egypt* cry'd.

Of

Of *Jeſſe*'s Seed, the youngeſt Son by Birth,
God rais'd above the Princes of the Earth.
He from a Sheep-hook to a Scepter goes,
And from a Sheep-fold to a Kingdom roſe.
God ſeated *Daniel* at the *Median* Helm,
To Rule the Victor's great enlarged Realm.
In caſting down, he made him yet more great,
In caſting out, preſerv'd him in his Seat.
And after him renowned *Mordecay*,
Was rais'd by God to bear the chiefeſt ſway,
Within the *Perſian* Empire next the King,
His Fame throughout the Provinces did ring.
And as for Riches, is it not expreſt,
That *Abram* was with Gold and Silver bleſt.
And did not *Job* for Flocks and Herds excell,
All that upon the Eaſtern Earth did dwell.
And many more good Men, of whom we read
In Wealth and Honour greatly to exceed.
So. Forbear (dear Self) what's good in theſe I priſe,
We may, yea, ſometimes muſt uſe exerciſe.

It's that which in its ſeaſon's very good,
As needful as our Phyſick or our Food.
That tyred Mind and Limbs repair'd thereby,
May better to their proper work apply.
But herein moſt in Pleaſures do offend,
They love them for themſelves, not for their end.
Or which is worſe, they take contentment in
Thoſe which are ſinful, or prove baits to ſin.
Honour's a Bleſſing, and ſhould be imploy'd
For publique good, by thoſe it is enjoy'd.
Like raiſed Clouds they ſhould ſweet Showr's diſpence,
And fill the Vales with fuitful influence.
But many like the Clove-tree drain the Ground,
And leave the place they ſtand on barren round.
Thus did not *Mordecay*, of whom we read
He ſought the Wealth and Peace of all his Seed.
And *Nehemiah*, that in high Place ſtood,
Deny'd himſelf, and ſought the publique good.
Riches are good, when juſtly got, and when
We rich are towards God and unto Men.

When

When hungry Bowels are with Food made glad,
And naked Loins are with warm Garments clad,
When Fatherleſs of our free Bounty ſhare,
And Widows to our Table welcom are.
But few there be that rightly thus imploy,
Or juſtly get the Wealth they do enjoy.
How many hoord it up and let it ruſt,
Or uſe it but as Fewel to their Luſt.
Be not deceiv'd, the Devil often flings,
His Hook before us, hid in lawful things;
That by ſuch Artifice he ſubt'ly may,
Gain to himſelf his much deſired Prey.
Thoſe that of old the Marriage Feaſt refus'd,
Sought all by lawful things to be excus'd.
The Devil did allure by what was good,
From the rich Banquet of Soul-ſaving Food.
It's not the Things themſelves I do deſpiſe,
But that ſame Mortal Hook that hidden lies.

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But that ſame Mortal Hook that hidden lies.

The Soul encount'ring with various Errors.

Soul. Errors.

1. *Error.* IF unto *Can'an* you are journ'ing, ſtay,
What need you tread ſuch flinty tireſom way.
Here li'th a Path in which you'll find more eaſe,
Keep but your Heart for God, you Men may pleaſe.

Soul. It's better in rough ways to gall our Feet,
Then in ſmooth'd Paths a galled Conſcience meet.
Your Latitude doth contradict the Word,
Thoſe that ſeek Men to pleaſe, can't ſerve the Lord.

Er. 2. Obey your Guids, and if they lead not true,
It's they ſhall ſuffer for it, and not you.

Soul. As well blind Follow'rs, as blind Leaders ſhall,
Within the miry Ditch together fall.

3. *Er.*

3. *Er.* Here li'th a cleaner Path, a way wherein,
You may be perfect now and free from ſin.

Soul. This is ſoon ſaid, but ſtill hath been deny'd,
By thoſe that took the Scripture for their Guid.
This *Paul* diſown'd whil'ſt here, who did excell
Moſt Saints that do on this ſide Heav'n dwell.
John, the Aſſerters of it, doth condemn,
As ſelf-deceiv'd, having no truth in them.

4. *Err.* In this ſame upper Road your way doth lie,
Leave Ordinances, live immediately
On God himſelf, go not about I pray,
When as to Heav'n you have a nearer way.

Soul. Till all the Nations in the World are taught,
Till all the Saints are to perfection brought.
Till Chriſt himſelf from Heav'n doth come again,
The Word of Truth holds forth, theſe ſhall remain.
And in the uſe thereof ſuch Saints were found,
As did for Gifts and Graces moſt abound.

5. *Err.* Come turn this way and take the ſafeſt Path,
Would you be juſtifi'd, mix Works with Faith.
Or lay by Faith, and Heav'n by Works poſſeſs,
Why dream you of another's Righteouſneſs.

Soul. And why not lay by Mercy, lay by Grace,
For ſo it is, where Works do thus take place.
Then Fleſh may Glory, and to boaſting fall,
If Works inſtead of Chriſt, are all in all.

6. *Err.* Let Humane Reaſon guid, a Beam Divine
Of that ſame Wiſdom which in God doth ſhine.
In all your Actions by her Compaſs ſteer,
Believe no more than what is in her Sphere.

Soul. Meer Humane Reaſon, as it can't perceive,
So neither will it Spiritual Things receive.
Unto the Work of Renovation blind,
Not many Wiſe, or Learn'd, do Heaven find.
And thoſe of them that find their way aright,
Are only ſuch, as in Gods Light ſee Light.

7. *Err.*

7. *Err.* Diſpute no farther, for the Church hath ſaid,

Here li'th your way, and ought to be obey'd.

Soul. Prove this a true Church firſt by Scripture Light,

Many pretend thereto that have no right.

Next that ſhe cannot err, in what ſhe ſaith,

Or elſe I know not how to fix my Faith.

8. *Err.* If that ſame Spirit doth in thee abide,

That Scripture wrote, you want no other Guid.

Follow his Dictates, and his Voice obey,

What need you Scripture to direct your way,

Soul. The teachings which the Spirit doth afford.

Are for to open and apply the Word.

It is by Scripture Light that he doth Guid,

And by that Light is willing to be try'd.

He that to Heav'n the ready way would find,

Muſt in the Word the Spirit's teaching mind.

The Souls Morning Meditation upon the Riſing of the Sun.

Soul.

So. SEe how the Sun in Beauty doth appear,
Raiſing his Head within our Hemiſphere:
Like to a Bridegroom in his beſt Array,
Or as a Prince on his Cor'nation day:
Or the High Prieſt, whom Silver Trump doth call,
To celebrate ſome ſolemn Feſtival:
So with bright Splendor doth this Lamp abound,
In Robes of Glory circumveſted round.
If it be ſweet and pleaſant to the ſight,
For to behold this great illuſtrious Light;
How far tranſcendent will our Pleaſure be,
When we the Son of Righteouſneſs ſhall ſee.
And by our ſight to Glory be transform'd,
Like unto that with which he is adorn'd?

How

How ſwiftly doth this Golden Lamp aſcend,
And his bright Rays throughout the World extend.
Although this Terrene Globe be very great,
Reck'ned in Breadth Seven thouſand miles compleat?
Yet doth this Lamp in largeneſs far exceed,
From whence we may collect his flying ſpeed.
For in few Minutes from his firſt acceſs,
To our Horizon, doth he forward preſs.
His vaſt Diameter, until he rear
The whole thereof within our Hemiſphere.
And ſo runs forward with Gigantick pace,
(Like one refreſht with Wine) his joyful Race,
That God who ſtrengthens this unwearied Sun,
Will help his Saints their Heav'nly Courſe to run.
And they that love the Lord with hearts upright,
Shall go forth as the Sun in all his might.
How fleet a thing is Time, when this ſwift Race,
Is made the meaſure of its winged pace.

Poſting

Posting from Morning to Meridian height,
Then flies with trebble shade to call up Night.
So is our Life, our Youthful Morning Sun,
Speeds to the Achme of its full ag'd Noon.
Then down the Hill to dusky night it hasts
And as it goes, long shades of weakness casts.
Is Time so swift and short, yea shorter yet,
Because our Sun before it's Noon may set.
Then let us reckon up our Time as fast,
And ev'ry Moment count it as our last.
And so accounting, see our Work be done,
Before the setting of our posting Sun.

This Prince of Planets largely doth dispence,
Throughout the World vivifick influence
To Fruits and Plants, and all things that here grow,
Yea, penetrates unseen to things below:
Producing of those rich Metallick Veins,
Which the dark Intrails of the Earth contains.
Gifts for Delight and Vse, his potent Rays,
In plenty through the Universe displays.

If

If God by this created Light doth give
Such Gifts unto his Foes that here do live:
What good and perfect Gifts ſhall the upright
Receive from God the Father of all Light?

Again, obſerve when this ſame luminous Globe,
Retireth from us in his oblique road;
Then frigid Blaſts from gloomy Skies prevail,
And nipping Cold with frequent Storms aſſail.
And when this golden Lamp with-draws his Light,
Dark Clouds inveſt the long umbrageous Night.
Whil'ſt couchant Beaſts rouſe from their Savage Cave,
And with fierce ſteps after their Prey do rave.
So when the Fountain of all Light and Grace
With-draws and hides the Viſions of his Face,
Then is it Winter with the troubled Soul,
And penſive thoughts, like Clouds of Darkneſs roſe.
Then doth the cruel Lyon, couch'd before
In ſecret Den, with dire Temptations roar.

But

But as the Sun with chearful Light doth thaw
The frozen Earth, and near unto us draw;
The heart of Man with vernal Joy is glad,
And fragrant Meads with flowry Mantles clad.
Paſtures are cloath'd with Flocks, with Corn the Vales,
And ſhouting Joy breaks from the Hills & Dales.
So when the Son of Righteouſneſs imparts
His near approaching Beams to drooping Hearts,
Then doth ſweet Joy their troubled Spirits raiſe,
And pleaſant Fruit crown their reviving days.

The Souls Trials ariſing from Deſertion.

The Soul and her Friend.

So. HOw pleaſant as an Angel is thy Face,
Like dawning day that ſable Night doth chaſe?
I know your Learned Tongue can time a word,
Which may to weary Souls true reſt afford.

Friend.

Friend. To meet you thus far on your way I'm glad,
But troubled at your Looks, to ſee you ſad.
Dear Friend, unboſome to me now your heart,
What help I can, I freely ſhall impart.
So. I know you will, and therefore ſhall declare
With open heart, my Troubles what they are.
Once in ſmooth Seas I ſpread my well-fill'd Sail,
Running my Courſe before a pleaſant gale.
The Skie was azur'd with the gliſt'ring Rays
Of Heav'ns bright Lamp, gilding my peaceful days.
The Stars from Orient Heads did beam forth Light,
Yielding delightful Steerage in the Night.
Then with calm mind could I directions give,
With words in ſeaſon, weary Souls relieve.
With meekneſs lapſed ones reſtore through Grace,
And diſlocated Bones ſet in their place.
The feeble Knees with ſtrength I fortifi'd,
And wand'ring ſteps in Paths of Light did guid.

And from my Lips the ſad perplexed mind,
By their reſolved doubts did comfort find.
Like the aſcending Sun I joyful roſe,
And with the ſtrong to run my Race I choſe.
At Night lay down in Peace with ſilent Breaſt,
My cloſed Eye-lids gave refreſhing reſt.
Then full Aſſurance yielded this ſupport,
I ſhould with gladneſs make a happy Port.
But whil'ſt my chearful Veſſel thus did ride
Before the Wind, upon the ſtreaming Tide,
Black Clouds and racking Seas my Joys invade,
Wrapping my weary Soul in Deaths dark ſhade.
By mighty Tempeſts drove with leaking knocks,
Threat'ning to ſplit me on the ſurly Rocks:
By raging Billows in black Darkneſs toſt,
My fears begin to give up all for loſt.
In ſhort (dear Friend) this is my woful caſe,
Thoſe quick'ning Rays which beam'd from that bright Face:
That Glory gives to Heav'n, and Heav'n here,
Are all with-drawn and wholly diſappear.

That

That Lamp of God that ſhin'd upon my Head,
And round about my Path bright Glory ſhed;
Now ceaſeth to afford its chearing Light,
Leaving my mournful Soul in diſmal Night.
Vnready in her Tryals to believe
Thoſe Truths by which ſhe others did relieve.

Fri. Dear Friend, let not deſponding thoughts thus move,
Though God may change his Way, yet not his Love.
Nay, out of Mercy he may think it beſt,
Thy Soul ſhould not on ſuch choice Viands feaſt.
He ſees how apt we are to grow ſecure,
To think our Mount unmoved ſhall endure;
And hence it is he brings in changes here,
To keep our Souls in reverential fear.
He ſees how ready now we are to ſet,
A higher value on our ſelves than's fit.
How apt we are under bright Beams to ſlight
Thoſe tempted Souls which want that bleſſed Sight.

And therefore hides his Face, and thereby ſhows
That we ſhould friendly ſympathize with thoſe
It may be thoſe ſweet Joys by Viſion brought,
Thou doſt not truly rate them as they ought.
And now the Price hereof he will inhance,
And teach thee how to value ev'ry glance.
It may be God is pleas'd to try thy Grace,
And therefore for a time with-draws his Face;
To ſee if Faith and hope will follow on
In Paths of Life, when Senſe and Feeling's gon.
And whether thou, when Comforts are away,
Wilt out of Love unto himſelf obey.
But were it only from his Soveraign Will,
What cauſe is there in Silence to ſit ſtill?
Thoſe Joys in Heav'n he'll give thee at the laſt,
Will make amends for all thy Sorrow paſt.
But yet (dear Soul) remember ev'ry Word
That may ſupport unto thy Faith afford.
Conſider Light is for the Righteous ſown,
Joy for the upright is in furrows thrown.

And though it buried lies there for a Night,
Yet will it ſpring up by the Morning Light.
Keep then thy Feet and Faith in Wiſdom's ways,
And give not up thy Hopes in cloudy days.
But wait on him that ſometimes hides his Face
From the beloved Seed of *Jacob*'s Race.

So. Dear Friend, I will conſider what you ſay,
Your ſolid Words in ſerious Ballance weigh.

Nuncius.

Nun. THe wakeful Tempter always on his watch.
Thinks this a likely time his Prey to catch.
And as aſſaulting Forces, where they ſpy
The weakeſt place, there plant their Battery.
So Satan ſwell'd with hope, and fill'd with rage,
Againſt the Soul, where weakeſt, doth engage.
But ſtill ſupporting Grace defeats his pow'r,
And yields aſſiſtance in a needful hour.

The Soul Conflicting with the Aſſaults of Satan.

Satan. Soul.

Sat. POor weary Soul, lay by thy lab'ring Oar,
And run thy Veſſel on the quiet ſhore.
Go take thy Reſt upon this pleaſant Coaſt,
Thou doſt but toil in vain thy Labours loſt.

So. It would be loſt if I ſhould take up ſhort,
(As thou would'ſt have) of my deſired Port.
No, here I am reſolv'd my Courſe to ſteer,
And if I periſh I will periſh here.

Sat. In vain thou hop'ſt this Tempeſt to out-ride,
And make thy way both againſt Wind and Tide.
Seeſt thou how ſin and ſuffrings on thee role,
Like mighty Waves ready to ſink thy Soul.

How

How one great Deep, doth to another call,
Whil'ſt Water Spouts, with dreadful Noiſe do fall.

So. It's no vain hope, for he that doth command
To follow him, will help with his right hand.
That Sins too many are, too ſtrong, it's true,
But not for Grace to pardon, or ſubdue.
And though it be a black and ſtormy day,
I'll wait on him whom Winds and Seas obey.

Sat. And wilt thou ſtill to him for help repair,
That hides his Face and ſhutteth out thy Pray'r.
Who over Heav'n gloomy Clouds hath ſpread,
That neither Sun or Stars may Brightneſs ſhed.
Who in his Anger cruel Bow hath bent,
And poiſon'd Arrows in thy Boſom ſent.
And on thy Neck hath bound thy ſinful Yoke,
And all thy Bones i'th' place of Dragons broke.
Will Men for Shelter to a Lyon fly,
Or wait for Mercy from an Enemy?

So. Thou art that roaring Lyon, that doſt watch,
With hungry Jaws, the ſimple Soul to catch.
The Enemy of God and all Mankind,
Taking unwearied Steps thy Prey to find.
And having found, and drawn into thy pow'r,
Mak'ſt it thy greateſt pleaſure to devour.
But with the Lord Compaſſions do abound,
The poor and needy this have always found.
Imbarked *Jonah* from Gods Preſence fled,
A dreadful Storm from God ſtrait followed.
In vain the Seamen toil with lab'ring hand,
To bring their beaten Veſſel to the Land.
All that they do can no relief afford,
Vntil their guilty Fare's caſt over-board.
A Whale doth ſtrait-way ſeize him for her Prey,
And to the Roots of Mountains roles away.
Great Deeps his Soul do round about incloſe,
Incenſed Floods and Waves upon him flows.
In ſighs his fainting Soul deep ſorrow breath'd,
Whil'ſt Reeds about his mournful Head are wreathd.

Three

Three days imbar'd in Jaws of Death he lies,
Yet unto God he looks, for favour cries.
God hears and pities, gives the Fish command,
The Whale makes haste to set him on dry Land.
Thus God is ready to extend his Grace,
Vnto poor Souls that seeks his blessed Face.
And when he doth his own rebuke for sin,
It's that he may their Souls to Mercy win.
To pensive ones that do confess their Error,
He'll be a Tower, though now he seems a Terror
That hand that wounds his own, that strikes so hard,
That hand will bind them up, that hand will guard;
And self-abasing Souls shall quickly know
He'll be their Friend, that seems to be their Foe.
If not in God, then where can help be found?
That hand can only cure, that did me wound.
Vnto those Arms of Mercy I will haste,
And on free Grace my Soul for ever cast.

Sat. How God deals ſometimes with his own, what's this
To the Preſumptuous Soul, th'art none of his,
Nor is he thine, do not thy ſelf deceive,
His Arms will not the Hypocrite receive.

So. Should it be ſo, proud Tempter, it's high time
To haſten to him, that he may be mine,
To cry to God (who ready is to hear)
To make my Heart upright, my Soul ſincere.
To drive me to him, God hath ſent his Rod,
It's good for me then to draw near to God.

Contemplations ſuited to the Soul that hath found Morning Comforts, after a Night of ſad Deſertion and ſore Troubles.

Soul.

So. FRom the dark Vale where Death enthron'd doth ſit,
From the great Deep, and from the dreadful Pit,
From Caves, that lodge the free among the dead,
From loweſt Dungeon, where no Light is ſhed.

From

From wand'ring Maze, where the umbrageous Wood
Is rang'd by hungry Lions for their Food.
My Soul is brought, preſerv'd from threat'ning harm,
To ſing the Praiſes of his glorious Arm.
When on my Soul the mighty Waters preſt,
When breaking Clouds, with thunder-claps diſtreſt,
When over-whelming Terrors on me roll'd,
And Pains of Hell upon my Soul took hold;
He from deep Floods my trembling Soul did catch,
From yielding Mud my ſinking Feet did ſnatch.
From Thunder Spouts my ſtrugling Head did ſhield,
And from Hells Terrors timely help did yield.
His quick'ning Favour did revive, and ſave
My fainting Soul from the devouring Grave.
And he whoſe Mercies always do endure,
Vpon a high Rock did my Feet ſecure.

It's he that Aſhes into Beauty turns,
Anoints with Oyl of Joy the Soul that mourns.
That doth the Needy from the Dunghil raiſe,
And Cloaths the Penſive with the Robes of Praiſe.
He with White Garments doth the ſad adorn,
And turns the ſhades of Death into the Morn.
Let weary Souls to him addreſs their Cry,
On tender Mercies ſtill by Faith rely.
To them that truſt him, ſhall be Mercy ſhewn,
Although in Deeps at preſent they are thrown.
For he attends unto the humble Pray'r
Of thoſe that to the Throne of Grace repair.
And though amazing Terrors may invade,
They ſhall be ſure to meet with timely Aid.
And he that thinks it fit they ſhould be try'd,
When done, their Feet in Paths of Joy will guid.
That ſo with Songs of Praiſe, they may advance
His Name, that ſhines with helping Countenance.

And haſt thou now my Soul true Comfort found,
And with Salvations are thy Temples crown'd?
Improve the Peace thou haſt obtain'd at length,
The Joy of God is ſent to be thy Strength,
That thou may'ſt lively walk unto his praiſe,
Who doth revive thy Soul with quickning Rays.

The outward Man under Wearineſs and Fears of not holding out, reliev'd by the Soul.

Soul, Body.

Bo. WHat need is there (dear Soul) of ſo much haſte,
Let's take more time, I cannot move ſo faſt.

So. Our Chriſtian Life's a Race, and muſt be run
With active ſpeed, until the Prize be won.

Bo. Is there no ſmoother Path that may be found,
Then this ſame rough uneven ſtony Ground;

That

That ſo our lab'ring Feet relieved may,
With greater eaſe, run the remaining way?
So. No, no, my dear aſſociate, Wiſdom hath
Set this before us as our fitteſt Path,
It's onely they which lawfully do ſtrive,
That ſhall with Conqueſt at the Goal arrive.
Then let's with Patience run, and vigorous force
Preſs forward, till we finiſh up our courſe.
Theſe *Agoniſts* that ſtrove in *Græcian* Games,
Once celebrated on *Olympick* Plains.
That from *Elæan* Judges ſought Applauſe,
How ſtrictly kept they to *Herculean* Laws.
The Runners with their nimble Feet did hold
The bounded Tract to the appointed Goal.
With ſtrained Limbs how did they forward thruſt
Vnto the long'd for Mark in Clouds of duſt.
And with contending Strife did agonize
To crown their Brows with the deſired Prize.

Which

Which being won, the Cities with Renown
Receiv'd their Victors through their Walls thrown down.
As if it were inferior to their Sate,
To make the Entrance at the common Gate.
If they with ſtrech'd out Limbs did ſtrive to come,
Encircled with a fading Garland home.
And thought it worth their pains, for fading Breath,
To trumpet forth their Glory here on Earth,
How ſtrictly then ſhould we with flying pace
Preſs forward daily in our Chriſtian Race,
Where Saints and Angels our Spectators are,
And the great Judge ſits in Tribunal Chair
For to reward the Victors in this Strife,
With an immortal glorious Crown of Life.
Who in the Records of Eternal Fame,
Shall always have an everlaſting Name.
Bo. Thoſe Souls are bleſt indeed that win the Prize,
Whoſe Conqueſt Saints and Angels ſolemnize.

That

That enter Heav'n with triumphant ſhout:
But as for me I fear I ſhan't hold out.

So. Fear not but view that great encircling Cloud
Of Worthies, that with Acclamations loud,
And vailed Crowns, aſcribe unto free Grace
Their ſtrength to run and conquer in this Race.
But above all, behold with fixed Eye,
Our great Fore-runner Thron'd and Crown'd on high.
Who to the Faint gives power to hold on,
Increaſeth Strength to them whoſe Might is gon.
It's he by whom the Work of Faith's begun,
It's he upholds it, till the Race be run.
Come then, preſs on, thy Feet are drawing nigh
Unto the Borders of Eternity.
Put forth thy utmoſt Might, ſtretch out thy hand,
The Goal's in ſight, the Crown doth ready ſtand.

The Souls Meditation upon Eternity.

Soul.

So. LOng Age of Ages, how long to demand,
Makes pos'd Arithmetick, in ſilence ſtand.
To reckon up its date, ſhe is not able,
Wants places in her Numeration Table.
Could we together in one ſum amaſs
The Stars of Heav'n, and the Piles of Graſs.
The numerous Sands that on the Sea-ſhore lie,
The Minute Atomes, in the World that fly;
The Drops of Rain and Fleeces of the Snow,
The Grains of Corn that ever yet did grow,
The Leaves that Autumn from the Trees hath caſt,
The thoughts that through the Heart of Man have paſt.
This would not make a Meaſure for to ſtretch,
Unto its end, or yet its middle retch.

Duration,

Duration, not divided, by what's paſt,
Or yet to come, but ſtill the ſame doth laſt.
Eternal NOW, that always doth remain
Wheeling about to the ſame point again.
A Circle without *Radius*, that doth run
Into it ſelf, beginning not begun.
Immenſurable, by the longeſt Line,
That can be ſtretched out by aged Time.
Could we a Line of Figures lengthen out,
Enough to gird the higheſt Sphere about.
And the laſt number to be reck'ned there,
Stood for the Vnites place of *Plato*'s year;
Yet all thoſe Millions would not riſe to be
The ſmalleſt Fraction in Eternity.
Oh number numberleſs, unto whoſe ſtore,
Addition is not able to add more.
Oh endleſs ever, where we muſt confeſs,
Subtraction cannot make it one jot leſs.
Oh bitter Sin, Oh dear bought Luſt,
For which the Soul Eternally is thruſt.

Oh

From the Supream and Vniverſal Good,
Into the Torrent of the Sulphurous Flood.
Depart from me, a Sentence full as Dire,
As go you Curſt into Eternal Fire.
If when the Body with the Soul doth part,
Such Mortal Pangs and Gripes do ſeize the Heart?
Who can conceive the Souls convulſive Strife,
In its ſecluſion from the Spring of Life?
A loſs that doth in one all Loſs expreſs,
Full Separation from all Happineſs.
Beſides this Loſs, caſt into burning Deeps,
Where Terror reigns and Sorrow never ſleeps.
That without eaſe or reſpit, undergo
The conſtant Rackings of eternal Woe.
Veſſels of dreadful Wrath, prepared wide
To hold full meaſure, ſwallow'd up beſide.
Plunged in Gulphs of Sulphurous Whirl-pools bound,
Sinking in Horrour, where no Bottom's found.
Perpetually with bitter Anguiſh toſt,
For miſpent Time and golden Seaſons loſt.

Whoſe Songs are turn'd to Scritches, and their Mirth
Into the Pangs of everlaſting Death.
Where damned Souls can neither fain or fear
Greater or worſer Torments than they bear.
Oh wretched Souls, that in dire Flames muſt dwell,
Longer than Words can utter, Numbers tell.
That ev'ry moment, whil'ſt in liquid Fire,
They burning are, think this muſt ne'r expire.
That do fetch in, unto each moments pain,
That EVER which in it they muſt remain:
And add unto their preſent Miſery,
The endleſs Torments of Eternity.
Oh bleſſed be thoſe Souls, that through rich Grace,
Are ranſom'd from this ever dreadful place.
In whom Eternal Life is here begun,
Running through this into the World to come.
Death changeth not our State, but the Degree,
Grace here begun, in Heav'n ſhall perfect be.

Where

Where weary Saints enjoy their long'd for reſt,
And hungry Souls on choiceſt Dainties feaſt.
Where Shields and Swords are turn'd to Harps and Palms,
And Sighs and Sobs to bleſſed Hyms and Pſalms.
Where Saints, with Angels, in ſweet comfort ſing,
With well tun'd Lyres, the Praiſes of their King.
And there behold that Beatifick Sight,
That fills their Souls with unconceiv'd Delight.
Viewing the higheſt Object ever prais'd,
With higheſt Acts of Underſtanding rais'd.
With ſuch clear Views, as infinitely will,
The Soul with perfect Satisfaction fill.
And by the Viſions of that Light Divine,
Transform and make them with his Glory ſhine.
For through th' enlivening influence of his Face,
He perfects and draws forth their quick'ned Grace.
Here all imparted Glory that's made known,
They view it ſo, as that which is their own.

And all the good that from Effects do flow,
They in the first and chiefest Good, do know.
And know it so, as to enjoy the same,
At the Spring Head, from whence all Goodness came.
No Good shall blessed Souls desire, or will,
But at this Fountain shall receive their fill.
United always, to that Good supream,
Which evermore into their Souls shall stream.
For Saints shall have with him a perfect Union,
And so all Good from him in full Communion.
Oh happy State, where no dark shade doth fall,
For Glory here is always vertical.
No sable Cloud shall once obscure their Sun,
No Night or Sleep shall hinder Joys begun.
No long continuance shall abate Delight,
Nor full Enjoyment dull our Appetite.
But still Desires as large, Delights as fresh,
As the first moment we did them possess.

No Sorrow ſhall thoſe bleſſed Souls annoy,
That enter once into their Maſters Joy.
Not onely that ſame Joy their Maſter gives,
But that ſame Joy in which their Maſter lives.
Not onely filled with their Maſters Bliſs,
But ſwallowed up in that ſame Joy of his.
Oh bleſſed Ever, where all Joys remain
Full and unchang'd, Eternally the ſame.
The Comforts that we do enjoy below,
Succeſſive are, and ebb as ſoon as flow.
In thoſe are paſt, we have no intereſt,
Of what's to come we are not yet poſſeſt.
Onely the preſent's ours, if that we may
Call that our own, which fleets ſo ſoon away.
But in Eternity it is not ſo,
Our Comforts there, no alteration know.
Thou ſhalt not then deſire more than thou haſt,
Nor canſt thou wiſh for any Comfort paſt.
But all together ſhall enjoyed be,
And that unchang'd unto Eternity.

Glad and welcome Tidings to the Soul.

Soul. Angels.

So. WHat is it theſe ſwift Meſſengers do bring,
Cutting the Plyant Air with golden Wing?
Whoſe Faces as the flaming Light'ning ſhow,
And Garments wear, white as the bleached Snow.
Their dazling Brightneſs fills with trembling fears,
Though in their chearful Looks good News appears.

Ang. Fear not, for we your Guardian Angels are,
And have from Heav'n glad Tidings to declare.
Victorious Soul, ſucceſsful Sword lay down,
And now put on, the Star-enchaſed Crown.
Come ſet thy Feet in this triumphant Cloſe,
Upon the Neck of all thy conquer'd Foes.

Thy

Thy Warfar's finiſh'd, and thy Race is run,
The day's thy own, the glorious Prize is won.
The flaming Sword that guardeth all the ways
Vnto the Tree of Life, with fiery blaze
Is ready to give way to thee, choice Soul,
As having right to eat without controul.
Make haſte, aſcend with us, and take thy ſhare,
With Crowned Saints that Verdant Palms do bear.
Drink of thoſe Streams of Bliſs which he beſtows,
At whoſe right hand Rivers of Pleaſure flows:
Inherit all things in that good Supream,
From whoſe bright Face all Happineſs doth beam.

So. Oh welcome News, more welcome unto me,
Than Trumpet ſounding to a Jubilee.
But what am I, that Heav'nly Pow'rs ſhould come
For to convey me, to my long'd for home.
I'm ready bleſſed Guard, onely I find
Diſturbing thoughts to leave my Friend behind.

We long have liv'd together, and have far'd
Alike in Joy, alike in Sorrow ſhar'd.
We hand in hand waded the Vale of Tears,
And joyntly fought and wraſtled through our Fears.
Have been but one, and muſt we ſever'd be?
Ang. Yes for a while, its by Divine Decree:
And but a while, yea ſoon ſhall meet again,
And never part but always one remain.
And one inveſted in that happineſs,
Which thou before art going to poſſeſs.
Go take thy leave, with Comfort chear thy Friend,
On Cherubs Wings to Glory then aſcend,
Vnto that Houſe of Bliſs not made with hand,
Which in the Heav'ns Eternally doth ſtand.
Into whoſe gladſom Windows ſhine alway
The joyful Beams of everlaſting day.

The

The Soul and Bodies mutual Valediction to each other.

Soul, Body.

So. FArewel, dear Body, now for ever bleſt,
From weary Labour take thy laſting reſt.
Fear not within this ſhade to lodge thy Head,
Thy bleſſed Sav'our hath perfum'd thy Bed;
And in the Morn will raiſe thee with his Voice,
That we united may in him rejoyce.
Corruption ſhall in Incorruption riſe,
Stript from the Rags of all Infir mities.
No Pain, no Sickneſs, ſhall this State invade,
Nor meager Death, threaten with gloomy ſhade:
But Mortal, puts on Immortality,
And conquer'd Grave yields up the Victory.
No Tears from hence-forth ſhall bedew thine Eyes,
Nor ſhall ſad thoughts within thy Breaſt ariſe.

Diſhonour

Diſhonour ſhall be rasi'd in Glory bright,
With radiant Beauty in meridian height.
Each part proportion'd in right Symetry,
And all things temper'd in ſweet Harmony.
Frail Weakneſs ſhall in mighty pow'r appear,
That ſo it may a weight of Glory bear;
And with unwearied Strength his Praiſe reſound
That gave forth Grace, and Grace with Glory crown'd.

This Natural Body ſhall from Duſt ariſe,
A Spiritual Body, as to Properties.
Inabled in an inſtant for to fly,
Beyond the Convex of the ſpangled Sky.
And with the Soul in higheſt Acts Divine,
With chearfulneſs for ever fully joyn.

Reſt then in hope, thy weary Eye-lids cloſe,
Lie down in Peace, and take thy ſweet repoſe.
In Jeſus ſleep, thy Vnion ſtill doth hold,
Though thou return'ſt again to thy firſt mold,
Each Atome of thy Duſt he'll ſafely keep,
Till he ſhall raiſe thee from this ſilent Sleep.

And

And by his Pow'r, this Clod of Earth calcine,
That it may like the Sun in Splendor ſhine.
And this vile Body in Corruption ſown,
Change like that glorious Body of his own.
That as the Earthly Image thou did'ſt bear,
So in the Heav'nly thou may'ſt then appear.

Bo. Farewel, dear Soul, Oh bleſſed be that Name,
That did infuſe thee in this Terrene Frame.
Prais'd be the great Creator, that inform'd
This Body with thee, thee with Grace adorn'd.
Whereby my wand'ring Feet were guided right,
From dark *Mæanders* into Paths of Light.
And though to Duſt I muſt again return,
Yet I ſhall riſe in Glory from my Vrn.
If Chymiſt can that Gold extract again,
They mixt with other Metals, to a Grain.
And if opacous heaps of Duſt and Sand,
May be tranſmuted by a skilful hand,

Into

Into ſuch Bodies which tranſparent ſhine;
As doth appear in Glaſſes Chriſtaline.
Why then ſhould fooliſh Atheiſts think it ſtrange,
That God ſhould gather'd Duſt to Glory change.
So. Once more farewell, until we meet a-again,
We that together ſuffer'd then ſhall reign.
As thou dear Friend, with me the Croſs did'ſt bear.
So thou with me the Crown of Life ſhalt wear.
We that together here in Tears have ſown,
Shall reap thoſe Joys to Mortals yet unknown.
Oh bleſſed State for worthleſs ones prepar'd,
Where God himſelf becomes their great Reward:
As cauſally he gives all Good to his,
So formally himſelf will be their Bliſs,
The Great, Supream, and Fountain Good, will be
Immediately our full Felicity.

Bo. Again

Bo. Again farewell, I ſhall no longer be,
As I have been, a hindrance unto thee.
When next we meet, I ſhall be tun'd to ſing,
The high rais'd Praiſes of our Heav'nly King.
No Darkneſs, Dulneſs, ſhall this Heart arreſt,
No ſtraitning Hardneſs any more moleſt.
But then unwearied I, for ever ſhall,
With thee dear Soul and Pow'rs Angelical,
Be exercis'd in Services Divine,
As freely as the chearful Sun doth ſhine.

The

THE EPILOGUE.

THe Soul, by Angels guarded, ſwiftly flies,
Beyond the reach of all her Enemies;
To take Poſſeſſion of that Manſion bright,
Which is the Portion of a Saint in Light.
And after ſhort and light Affliction bears,
Triumphant Palm, and Crowns of Glory wears.
On peaceful Throne, from weary Labour reſts,
On Beatifick Viſion always feaſts.
Encircled round with all the Bliſs above,
Lodg'd in the Boſom of Eternal Love.
The Happineſs whereof who can declare,
If thou would'ſt farther know it, get a ſhare.

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FINIS.

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